

POPE JOHN

**Will his
ideas change
his church?**

COVER BY ED McNALLY
Royal yacht Britannia on the St. Lawrence

"My space-age flight on a Bomarc"

THE ROYAL TOUR—A NORRIS CARTOON PREVIEW

MACLEAN'S

JUNE 20 1959 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



A word with special meaning for the Truck Operator:

RELIABILITY

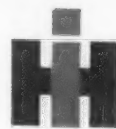
Night runs are a real test of a truck's *reliability*. When highways are deserted, any roadside delay could stretch into hours—cargo losses can be serious.

Truck operators have learned that they can depend on Internationals to get their cargoes through on time. Because they are built, sold and serviced by truck *specialists*, International Trucks have won the confidence of men who demand *reliability*.



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 20, 1959

MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ How the Queen can beat her handshake blues
- ✓ Should you see your analyst twice a year?

THE FOREST OF HANDS she has to shake will be one of the Queen's biggest problems during this year's—or any other's—royal tour. What to do? National Research Council scientists offer this advice: Shake hands quickly (fatigue from standing's a worse danger than from extending the arm); don't eat heavily before a reception; do wear low heels. Before the reception, the NRC recommends a glass of champagne. Reduces tension.

CHURCHES ARE TURNING to modern sales techniques to bolster Sunday attendances. Anglican clergy and lay-leaders are holding a 10-day session in Winnipeg this month to discuss "group dynamics"—why people go to church at all, and why some people dominate church groups. And the United Church of Canada is now pondering a million-dollar publicity campaign.

WITH MACKENZIE KING'S

biography an established hit (vol. 1 is now in its fourth printing) watch for more PMs' stories. Already on the way are books on Arthur Meighen ('20-'21 and '26) by U. of Sask. professor W. R. Graham and on R. B. Bennett ('30-'35) by Alberta MLA Ernest Watkins. Ottawa historian Blair Neatby, who took over the King project when MacGregor Dawson died (probable date for vol. 2: 1961) wrote his graduate thesis on Sir Wilfrid Laurier ('96-'11). Neatby hopes to turn that into a full-scale biography. O. D. Skelton's two-volume 1921 work on Laurier is now out of print.



LAURIER, MEIGHEN, BENNETT

AN EXPERIMENT IN NORTHERN QUEBEC this summer could be the first step for new Eskimo prosperity across the Arctic. At Port Burwell, George River and Fort Chimo on eastern Ungava Bay, Northern Affairs officials will organize co-operatives for 300 impoverished Eskimos. They'll haul timber, pick blueberries, hunt seal and fish for cod for Montreal consumption. Seals will be killed co-operatively for local use. New business: kayaks will be built for sport-canoeists in the south.

RESISTANCE TO COSTLY BLIGHTS will be grown right into Canadian trees of the future. Government forestry scientists in B. C., Ontario and Nova Scotia are working on the development of trees immune to million-dollar pests and diseases like the white pine weevil, tussock moth, balsam gall midge and blister rust. Difficulty: while it takes five years to check on new rust-resistant wheat, trees must be watched up to fifty.

PERIODIC MENTAL-HEALTH CHECKUPS may become as regular as dental inspections. They're recommended by psychiatrists from McGill University's unique well-being clinics. Would checkups reveal much unsuspected mental illness? Not likely. In four years the McGill psychiatrists have measured the mental tone of 500 people. Finding: nine of ten were healthy—"a good deal more so than anyone thought," says project psychiatrist Alastair MacLeod.

OUR NATURAL GAS PIPELINE NETWORK may soon be carrying coal, wood and water, too. James Scott, president of Foothills Products Pipe Line Ltd., says coal could—and should—be shipped under water pressure through pipes to steam-generated power plants in B. C., Alberta or Saskatchewan. Montreal's Pulp and Paper Institute has been experimenting with shipping wood chips in water from the bush to mills.

BOOK TO WATCH: James McNamee's *Florencia Bay*, set on the far west coast of Vancouver Island. A Maclean's Novel award-winner in 1957, it was turned down by many publishers in Canada and the U. S. (Sample comment: "Too remote.") Now New Authors Ltd., a London house that splits all profits among its writers, has picked it up. McNamee, who lives near New Westminster, is revising a second novel. "Writing's easy," he says. "You start at 15 and publish at 50."

McNAMEE



JUDY WELCH

Typical queen: 14 titles

BEAUTY FEVER RISING

"Miss" contests miss nearly no one

WHAT does a girl need to win a beauty contest? It's not simply a matter of good looks. This summer thousands of Canadian girls—and hundreds of mature women—will enter nearly 500 contests. By winter, the prettiest—or most charming, or smartest, or tallest, or lithest—will be the new holders of such titles as:

Miss Drumheller Valley, Mount Eisenhower, Dairy Maid, Radium, Fun-in-the-Sun, Flin Flon Trout Festival, Portable Radio, Golden Gloves, Grey Cup, Byline, Maple Leaf and Miss Left-overs, Queen of the Garbage Bowl (an annual Montreal football game for the benefit of crippled children). Others will be:

Queens of the Calgary Stampede, Quebec Winter Carnival, Niagara Grape Festival, Summerside, P.E.I. Lobster Festival, Saskatchewan Wheat, Snowshoes, Western Canada Teens, Rodeo, the Canadian Rockies, Fur Trappers and Oriental Pulchritude (chosen by the Montreal Young Buddhist Society).

As well, most Canadian universities, hundreds of high schools, four provinces, dozens of big cities, sundry small

towns and every professional football team will name Queens or Misses.

Splashiest contests will be the three whose winners can go on to vie for international titles: Miss Canada/Miss America; Miss Canada/Miss Universe and Miss Maple Leaf/Miss World.

Some, like the Toronto Press Club's Miss Byline, are usually won by professional models. But others, like Miss Grey Cup, are open only to non-models.

One Toronto model, Judy Welch, has 14 titles—everything from Miss Ward Two and Miss Motorcade to Miss Maple Leaf, Sheila Billing, Miss Toronto of 1955, was a baby contest winner in 1939. The twin daughters of Lilith Bennett, Miss Canada of 1936, won beauty contests in Ottawa 20 years later.

Many winners marry businessmen. Mrs. Ken Thomson (he's the president of Thomson newspapers) is a former Miss Beautiful Toronto. But, says Bob Howe of the Walter Thornton model agency, football players seem to be the current favorites. Last year's Miss Toronto married Jim Hughes, Hamilton Ti-Cats all-star tackle. "And," says Howe, "I've never heard of a Canadian beauty queen getting a divorce."

FIGHTING TEENAGE DRUG HABIT

But it's worse

NEW MEDICAL, psychiatric and police techniques are gradually choking most channels for the spread of drug addiction. But the most gruesome of all—the use of narcotics by teenagers—seems still to be growing.

In Vancouver, because of geography Canada's most dope-ridden city, there are 1,100 to 1,500 addicts, says Dr. Robert Halliday, director of B.C.'s Narcotic Addiction Foundation. How many teenagers? No one knows for sure. But National Health and Welfare Officials say about 18 boys and 16 girls. Toronto has 10 known teenage-girl addicts and only two boys.

"The situation is getting worse," says G. E. Trasov, senior counsellor of

B.C.'s Foundation. "Drug addiction is moving closer to the schoolyard."

It's unlikely there are any heroin addicts in Canadian high schools. "They couldn't cope with the work," says Halliday. But Trasov says there are probably several "joy-poppers" (experimenters) who could soon be addicts.

Three years ago, following B.C.'s Stevenson Report on addiction, the Vancouver school board decided to teach students in grades 7-12 about the dangers of narcotics. It's never been done. Too much controversy; opponents say it might encourage experiment.

What's being done? Says Dr. Halliday: "About all we can do is enforce the law—and keep studying."

GOLF WITHOUT CADDIES

Where'll we get pros?

AMONG THE CLASSIC Horatio Alger stories is the one about the big-name golf pro who began as a humble caddy. Young Leonards, Baldings, Normans, Mawhinneys crowded around pro-shops for a chance to learn golf and earn enough for second-hand clubs. But now the caddy is disappearing from Canadian courses, because:

1. "Caddy" or "golf" carts, in the country about 20 years, have really caught on since 1957. Now many golfers never think of hiring a boy to tote their bags. 2. Caddy wages—now \$1-\$2.50 for 18 holes—are losing their appeal for high-allowanced youngsters.

Does this trend mean we'll soon run out of young pros? Surprisingly, no. Teaching pros, polled by Maclean's, say today's crop is the best in years and some of the hottest prospects are eyeing the tournament trail. Now kids can afford to join clubs or pay green fees. They get better teaching.

And more youngsters than ever before are playing. The Ontario Golf Association has more than 5,000 registered

juniors. Last year 689 played in four OGA junior tournaments. This year the OGA expects 900. Because of the growing number of championship-caliber entries, the National Junior Tournament (this year at Montreal's Kanawaki Club, July 27-31) has been changed from match (man-to-man) play to medal (best score). During National Golf Week thousands of dollars are now collected to help promising tyros.

But what about golfers who do want caddies? Some private clubs are offering fringe benefits like special club-houses, horseshoe pits and special practice ranges. Another solution that may catch on: The Toronto Golf Club started hiring girl caddies in 1951, now has 15. "They're more efficient than boys," says pro Jack Hunt.

Stan Leonards of tomorrow?



BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH BLAIR FRASER

"TIGHT MONEY" STAGES A COMEBACK

What can the Tories do about it?



ANOTHER "TIGHT MONEY" situation is developing, like the one that helped to beat the Liberals two years ago. The unanswered question is, will the Conservatives be able to head it off before the average voter begins to notice it?

He hasn't noticed it yet, so far as any politician can tell, but there's no doubt that he noticed it last time. CCF as well as Tory MPs remember the angry letters they used to get from small builders, merchants, farmers, all complaining that the banks wouldn't lend money. Any crowd could be stirred to indignant cheers by references to "the Liberal tight money policy."

The phrase itself was worth thousands of votes. One May morning in 1957, arriving home from an election campaign tour, I asked an Ottawa taxi driver, "How's business?"

"Terrible," he said. "This tight money policy ruins it. People used to give me a dollar or two and say keep the change; now they wait for anything more than a dime, even old customers."

He wasn't joking. To him, the "tight money policy" was something that made people tight with their money, and in a dim, symbolic way he was quite right. The new stinginess of old customers was part of a general change in climate, caused by the fact that they could not borrow money as easily as before.

In fact, of course, there never was a "tight money policy" in any positive sense. All that happened, as the Liberals vainly tried to point out, was that the Bank of Canada let nature take its course. So far, it is doing the same thing under the Conservatives.

Then as now, the demand for money exceeded the supply—would-be borrowers wanted more in loans than the commercial banks had in ready cash to lend them. Then as now, the banks had to sell some of their government bonds to get more cash to meet the demand for commercial loans. Then as now, this drove the price of governments bonds down. From a handsome premium, they dropped away below par.

The banks began to lose too much money selling bonds cheap and they stopped raising cash that way. Money grew "tight." Borrowers could not get all they wanted, and small shaky borrowers got none at all.

This is the point that is now approaching again. How can the Conservatives escape it?

The question is hotly debated within

the government service, as it was two years ago for different reasons. Some economists argue that the Bank of Canada should buy enough bonds to provide the cash that commercial banks need, without forcing bond prices any lower. This means a risk of inflation, but they say we ought to take the risk.

"What we're doing now," said one, "is importing unemployment. We're so worried about sound money, so willing to let bond prices sink and interest rates rise, that the Canadian dollar still sells at a premium. So Canada's exports cost more abroad, since every dollar in our price equals \$1.04 U.S., and foreign goods are cheaper in Canada because every dollar in the foreign price is only 96 cents. So we have trouble selling our exports abroad, and our home goods at home, all for the sake of sound money."

"In a recession, the Canadian dollar ought to sag. That's the natural way to protect our industries."

"As for inflation, we can't control it anyway. If prices go up in the United States, they'll go up here too—we can vary the level a little bit but not much."

But the Bank of Canada is not convinced by this argument, and the Bank of Canada, not the government, is the sole authority on money policy. That's the law. Whether in practice an appointed governor of the bank would be able to impose his view on an elected gov-

ernment is a question often discussed but never decided. The Liberals never tried to overrule the governor.

The Conservatives, if they should be tempted to try, are not in a strong position at the moment in spite of their colossal majority in parliament.

The last time money was tight, with bond prices low and interest rates high, the government itself was not borrowing. This time, the government is the biggest borrower of all. It will need about eight hundred million dollars of new money this fiscal year—four hundred million for the budget deficit, about the same or a bit more for non-budget items like housing loans. Recovery may cut the deficit, but even the rosiest optimists admit that there will still be one.

To get that new money the government will have to sell new bonds, in a market already rather shaky. Quite possibly the Bank of Canada will have to step in and buy large chunks, to keep bond prices from going too low altogether. To buy old bonds from the banks as well, in order to enlarge their money supply for lending, would be a pretty hazardous undertaking. Bank officials think it might even have the opposite of the desired effect, might destroy the bond-buyer's confidence entirely and leave prices lower instead of higher.



In a "rather shaky" market the government must cover its deficit by selling bonds.

But the financial problem, grave though it may prove to be, is not too disconcerting. Bank of Canada people are perfectly calm. They say that the bond market is firmer than it was a while back, even though prices are still low, and they're quite confident that it will absorb a good deal more without the "collapse" that some gloomsters have predicted. The difficult problem, if money becomes really tight, will be the political one.

So far, it hasn't happened—all parties admit that. The Liberals tried to stir up indignation about high interest rates, and the attempt fell flat. Neither they nor the CCF are getting any reaction at all to the cry of "tight money," and both have given it up for the time being—but they haven't forgotten it. They are waiting.

One reason why the voter isn't aware of any money shortage is that the banks, as well as the politicians, learned a lesson in 1957. Then, when money began to be scarce, the banks took the cheap and easy course—lent what they had to the big borrowers, and told the little ones there was nothing left. They learned, too late, how much this cost in good will. Public relations built up at great expense, over a period of years, were badly impaired.

Bankers will do their best not to let it happen again. They're rationing out credit very carefully this time, trying to see that all get a fair share, encouraging big borrowers to raise money by other means (like issuing new stock, for example, in a stock market where values have been preposterously high). And the small borrower is not too upset by the fact that interest rates are high, so long as he can get the money he needs.

But how long will he be able to get it?

The new "tight money" period has barely begun. Recovery from the last previous recession was well under way in 1955, when interest rates were still low and bond prices still high. It wasn't until early 1957, after the boom was two years old and about to ease off into another recession, that the "tight money" cry began to be heard on all sides. The current recovery didn't start, in Canada, until this spring—and money is a bit tight already.

A provincial minister, visiting Ottawa on other business a short while ago, confided glumly that the provinces and municipalities have never been in worse shape. They have to sell bonds too—and with government securities yielding more than five percent they'll have trouble borrowing for less than six or even higher. Rumbles of discontent are growing louder, and the government, dismayed as it is by the last Gallup Poll (it showed a 12 percent drop in the PCs' popularity) is in no mood to listen to these noises unperturbed.

To a recent question in the House about tight money, Finance Minister Donald Fleming answered: "If the banks find they have not an ample amount of money to meet the extraordinary demands for credit that are made upon them today as a result of the upsurge in the Canadian economy, then certainly it is not the intention of the Canadian government to inflict on the people of Canada a repetition of the tight money policy of our Liberal predecessors."

Jack Pickersgill called out: "What are you going to do to stop it?"

There has been no answer yet, from anyone. ★

BACKSTAGE

WITH PUBLISHING

Journal's strange new stablemates



BELL & SIFTON
Riding toward TV?

APRIL'S SALE of the arch-Tory Ottawa Journal caused a surprised flurry of news: Victor Sifton "and associates" were the purchasers. And Sifton, president and publisher of the Winnipeg Free Press, is as staunchly Liberal as the Journal (president Grattan O'Leary) is Conservative. Quickly, the Journal's editorial page and a Sifton dictum tried to set that score straight: "The Journal, as heretofore, will be an independent Conservative newspaper." Officers would remain the same. The flurry died.

Completely smokescreened was the most fascinating twist of all: Among Sifton's "associates" was George Maxwell Bell, Calgary oilman-publisher whose partnership with Victor Sifton is one of the most unlikely in the annals of Canadian business.

At first glance, Bell and Sifton are alike. Both are interested in horses. Neither drinks or smokes. Both are deeply religious and both are students of the Bible.

But in the fine shadings, they're strange bedfellows.

Haughty, austere Sifton, 62, is chancellor of the University of Manitoba and a decorated (DSO) World War I officer. He's run the Free Press and weekly Prairie Farmer with an iron hand since splitting the Sifton empire with his older brother Clifford in 1954. (Clifford got the Regina Leader-Post, Saskatoon Star-Phoenix and Regina and Winnipeg radio stations.) A militant teetotaler, Victor Sifton once handed a glass of tomato juice to a reporter reaching for a press-reception cocktail. He often leaves his two Chryslers at home and walks to work—in a coon coat in winter. A show-horse devotee, he vetoes Free Press photos of horses in straw-hats or sunglasses.

Flamboyant, charming Bell, 48, also has a passion for horses—race

horses. He's the first Canadian ever to run entries in three countries (Britain, the U.S., Canada) on the same day. Beside the 24-in. Bible on his Calgary Albertan desk is usually a copy of the Racing Form. He is a fast-moving astute businessman. As well as the Albertan (Liberal, though it supports Social Credit oil and gas policy) he owns the Victoria Times and Colonist and is a director of the Lethbridge, Alta., Herald. Though he drinks milk himself, he's a popular Calgary society bartender. He owns two Cadillacs and drives himself.

Former Albertan staffers like to tell this story: Bell was in California, where he's co-owner of a ranch, and his daughter (one of four children from his first marriage which ended in divorce) phoned from Calgary for help with her homework. Bell used another line to call the Albertan library. Over a 2,400-mile round-circuit he relayed home the answers.

What's ahead for this odd combination? Even the best informed can only guess. One possibility: both are interested in television. Bell is a director of CHCT-TV Calgary; Sifton is in the Red River Corp., angling for a licence in Winnipeg. Their purchase of the Tory Journal could be the first move for the Ottawa licence that goes up for grabs this year.

Backstage

WITH STUDENT SPENDING

Where undergrad money goes—and comes from

TO THE PARENTS of thousands of Canadian university students, Junior's expenditures are taken for granted. He earns what he can. For the rest, within reasonable limits, he gets what he asks for. But just where does the money go? And how much should he need? What does a year at college cost a young Canadian?

For the first time, answers to these and other questions are available this year to students and parents—and to the new crop of youngsters poised on the brink of their own college careers. They're wrapped up in a 96-page report, the result of a two-year study by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Some findings:

Total price of a college year depends basically on whether the student lives at home. If he does, his average costs are \$933. If he must board out, they're \$1,326. Married students spend slightly over \$2,100. Coeds' costs average \$130 less than men's. Student doctors and lawyers spend the most, followed by engineers; art students spend least.

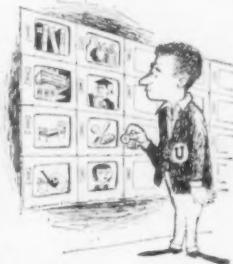
Where does it go? Biggest single expense is for fees, which average \$324. A year's meals for a student living out cost \$298; rent \$194. The average student spends \$108 on shoes and clothes and \$58 for books and supplies. Snacks and cigarettes cost \$50; entertainment \$70. Ten dollars goes for "church and charitable donations." About 12% of Canadian students own cars. Capital costs—for cars, hi-fi, cameras—average \$75.

Where does it come from? Students earn for themselves \$4 of every \$10 they spend. Another \$2.50 comes from family or friends. Other sources of income are scholarships, previous savings or loans. One of ten students is in debt when he graduates. Well over half get help from their families—usually about \$500 a year.

Only one in four students works part-time during the school year but nearly 90% take jobs in the summer. The four most popular summer jobs are secretary, laborer, salesman and surveyor. But students also work as pro ball players, bush pilots, deckhands, kennel keepers and poolroom attendants.

Who's going to college? Generally, it's the children of the better-off. Only 3% of Canadian families earn over \$10,000 a year, but they send 15% of our students to university. Only 50% of students come from the 70% of families who earn \$5,000 or less.

Future students? Their costs will go up, says DBS—about 10% a year.



Backstage WITH "PERFECT" CRIMES / Dozens still baffle police

SIXTEEN YEARS after the burned and battered body of Canadian multi-millionaire Sir Harry Oakes was found in his Nassau, Bahamas, home, his unsolved murder made fresh headlines across Canada—after a Bahaman editor demanded the case be reopened. But are "perfect" crimes really that rare?

By no means. Nearly one in eight Canadian murders (there are about 118 a year) goes unsolved. Ontario alone has had 85 unsolved murders since 1935, 18 in the last five years. B.C. and Quebec run second. Only province with a clean slate is P.E.I. Newfoundland has three.

Police never write a murder off. In 1949 a Saskatchewan man confessed a 20-year-old slaying and was tried.

A few recent unsolved crimes: **✓ In Nova Scotia**, grocer Michael Resk, middle-aged father of four, was found in his truck, Dec. 9, 1955, shot through the head and heart. He had left his home after an evening of TV to check his store. He never arrived.

✓ In Newfoundland, the body of precociously mature Genevieve Whitten, 15, was recovered from the sea Jan. 5, 1955, showing marks of violence. She had left the Corner Brook grill where she was working during the Christmas holidays, never reached home.

✓ In Manitoba, convict Clifton Charles Burson was stabbed to death Jan. 8, 1957, in a wing of the federal penitentiary at Stony Mountain. There were 44 prisoners in

the wing. The murderer was never caught, although two weeks later a convict dying of a self-inflicted overdose of chloral hydrate named himself and two others.

✓ In B.C., the bodies of David Pauls, his wife Helen and their 11-year-old daughter Dorothy were found after midnight June 10, 1958. The parents were beaten and shot several times. The little girl was beaten to death in her bed. Pauls worked as a janitor, his wife in a delicatessen. They were Mennonites.

Few murderers who are caught now hang. Since the Conservatives took power two years ago, 26 persons have been condemned to die. Five sentences have been carried out, 21 commuted.

Background

NEWEST EXPORT: TV

Three TV adventure series have been made in Canada: Radisson, Last of the Mohicans and Cannonball. Only Cannonball has been a domestic hit. In other countries, it's a different story. Radisson recently topped audience ratings on seven New York stations, is now redeeming its production costs. Last of the Mohicans is on 134 U.S. stations. Cannonball is sold to three quarters of U.S. capacity. All have been bought in Australia and England.

YOUR GOLDEN WEDDING?

Golden (50th) wedding anniversaries have always been rare enough to call

for family reunions and pictures in the papers. But they're growing more common in our longer-living nation. A couple married at 21 now have 375 chances in 1,000 of celebrating theirs. Fifty years ago they'd have had just 161. A 21-year-old man marrying a 17-year-old girl has better than 2 in 5 chances of a golden wedding. Both 17, they're better than even money.

THE DISTAFF CURE

For years, psychiatric research has been tussling with the problems of alcoholism. There's still no cure. Now researchers are studying the alcoholic's wife. Margaret Cork, chief social worker of Ontario's Alcoholism Research Foundation, says "helping the wife can be a real factor in curing the husband."

Frequently, social workers find that domestic troubles—such as wifely nagging—are a root cause of drinking.

DIPLOMATS ON ICE



PAULINE: St. Hyacinthe, Que., who quit her headline Ice Capades role to teach ambassadors to Axle. At 10c a minute, Pauline promises Washingtonians—"most haven't seen skates before"—she'll have them skating for \$1.50. How come Washington? "I like monuments."

ILS NE SAVENT PAS

What's the biggest difference between French and English Canadians? Polltakers have one theory: the French *don't know*. Invariably, researchers find don't-know answers more common in Quebec. Typical question: Do you favor a price increase for newsprint? (an important Quebec issue). English don't-knows: 47%; French: 53%.

UNHAPPY BIRTHDAY

Looking forward to a birthday party? Maybe you shouldn't. U.S. doctor Edward Weiss contends you're more likely to feel ill on your birthday than on routine days. Too much tension. Worst days of all: for women, 45th or 50th birthdays; for men, 60th or 65th, Weiss maintains.

Editorial

Best schedule for a royal tour? No schedule at all

THIS ROYAL VISIT, we are told, is to be an "informal" one. The Queen and Prince Philip will meet some "ordinary Canadians," not just the usual black-coated protocol experts. Except for the fact that guests will be wearing white tie and tails, said the Canadian Press in one despatch, dinner at Government House will be like a family supper.

To prepare for these folksy occasions a large staff of officials and public relations men has been working full time for two months, some for longer. As usual, arrangements for a platoon of reporters and photographers have been refined to the last detail (though we expect that, as usual, they will break down when the time comes). Every inch of the royal route has been surveyed in dry runs, every minute of every day carefully planned.

The Queen will be glad to know she is to be allowed a longer lunch hour than previously.

One correction to the schedule, issued about six weeks before the arrival, meticulously changed the time of one event from 6.15 to 6.10 p.m.

Evidently some of the intended informality has been lost in the bustle of preparation. We don't mean to be critical — it was a good idea to route the royal couple through parts of Canada they haven't seen before, and let them meet Canadians they haven't met before. But the people who will enjoy this change are the Canadians, not the Queen and the Prince. One strange face is very like another to most human beings, and the "ordinary Canadians" who'll meet them this time are really no more ordinary than those who met them before — we doubt if the royal guests will notice any difference.

In fact the whole idea of an "informal" royal tour is inherently phony. No meeting between subjects and sovereign can be informal. The only way royalty can relax, at home or abroad, is behind a well-guarded wall out of sight of everybody.

We doubt that this can be arranged in Canada, and we're not even sure the royal guests would want it — they don't come here to relax, but to work at their job. If Canadians want to make that job less onerous and exhausting, the way to do it is not by a false and artificial "informality" but by giving them less work to do. And meeting strange people, however "ordinary," is work.

To be specific, we suggest that the only easy schedule for a royal tour is no schedule at all. Let the Queen and her husband do whatever official duty they came out to do, and then let them alone to do as they like — visit people if they want to, go home if they want to, but at least do nothing compulsory.

They cannot be protected from the curious and adoring public, but that's not Canada's fault; they're pestered at home, too. All Canada can do is stop organizing the pesters. Let the reporters and photographers make their own arrangements, and scoop each other at will. Let the mayors and the dowagers repine, and the public relations counsel relax. Royalty will have an easier time.

Mailbag

- ✓ If Groucho Marx interviewed Charlotte Whitton...
- ✓ Would Ottawa let the Queen speak out?
- ✓ Pension restrictions "interfere with liberty"

BRUCE HUTCHISON's visit with Zsa Zsa Gabor (May 23) was a real chuckle from start to finish. Why not get Groucho Marx to interview Charlotte Whitton or Dame Edith Sitwell for another intelligent interview?—GRAY CAMPBELL, COWLEY, ALTA.

✓ Dear Mr. Hutchison: When I said you were the most intelligent newspaper man who has interviewed me thus far, I meant it. But I should not pretend to know people after an hour's acquaintanceship nor would I read into one person all the fast generalities one associates with Hollywood. I consider the hour I gave you out of my life a total loss.—ZSA ZSA GABOR, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

✓ WANTED: More pictures of erudite



Bruce Hutchison posed with glamour gals!—MRS. A. J. RHODES, VICTORIA, B.C.

✓ I have always liked Hutchison as a writer but didn't know he could be so very, very funny.—HELEN PALMER, TORONTO.

✓ It couldn't have been written by anyone but a Victorian. Victorians, for some inexplicable reason are not easily impressed.—MRS. W. TATE, LADYSMITH, B.C.

A label for the Queen

What a lovely portrait of our Queen on your cover (May 23)! Why did your circulation department deem it necessary to plunk that dratted address label at the bottom of the page? There is oodles of room at the top of the page and practically every other issue has the label up there where it ought to be, so why not this one? Grrr.—MARIAN T. BOWMAN, HAMILTON, ONT.

Sorry, post-office regulations.

✓ The most satisfactory portrait — either painting or photograph — that has yet appeared. Is there any possibility of Don McKague being made a director of postage stamp issues?—VIOLET M. JOHNSON, NORTH VANCOUVER.

Burke's Peerage

Angela Burke is very old-fashioned in her suggested "new" set of rules for royal visits (May 23). If the Queen, or any other royal person, while in Canada made pronouncements on any subject whatever, the Canadian government — or the opposition — would object to it as unwarranted interference.—LUCY SANSON, FREDERICTON.

✓ Hear, hear! It is to be hoped that the Queen will be able to read the article.—MRS. A. S. COCKHILL, LACHUTE, QUE.

✓ Hurrah for Angela Burke!—MRS. R. SWANSON, CLIVE, ALTA.

✓ Can you think of a more boring job, with every move, every gesture recorded, hardly any time to do what you might like to do, meeting thousands of people who mean nothing at all to you? The publicity the Queen gets, at least, gives the younger generation someone to admire... even if she refuses to allow the press to penetrate her last shred of privacy.—AILEEN GRASSBY, SUDBURY, ONT.

✓ I enjoyed Angela Burke's article but feel that she, as a feature writer who "met and traveled with principal members of the royal family" and covered their past Canadian visits, should know better than to refer to Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, as "Queen Mother Elizabeth."—MRS. A. CHASE-CASGRAIN, WESTMOUNT, QUE.

The pensioners' liberty

Thank you most sincerely for the editorial. Why shouldn't our pensioners live in the sun? (May 23). Few want to leave a country where all their working years have been spent and where their grown-up children live. But the regulations weigh heavily on an unhappy minority, who are alone here. It is interfering with liberty to prevent us from leaving this country.—MRS. NINA M. HOLMES, DUNCAN, B.C.

✓ Why should our aged Canadians not be given a free choice to select the climate that suits them best during the last few years of their lives?—H. M. DRINKLE, SASKATOON.

✓ Why didn't you add that the armed services are entitled to spend their pen-



sions in the sun, just as the services are allowed full deduction on their income tax form for an employed wife?—ANNE PETERS HANLEY, OTTAWA.

✓ Thanks for standing up for the old people, who after 65 cannot get work even if they could stand the eternal rush.—MRS. SUSSEX, LONDON, ONT.

Revolutionary hypnosis

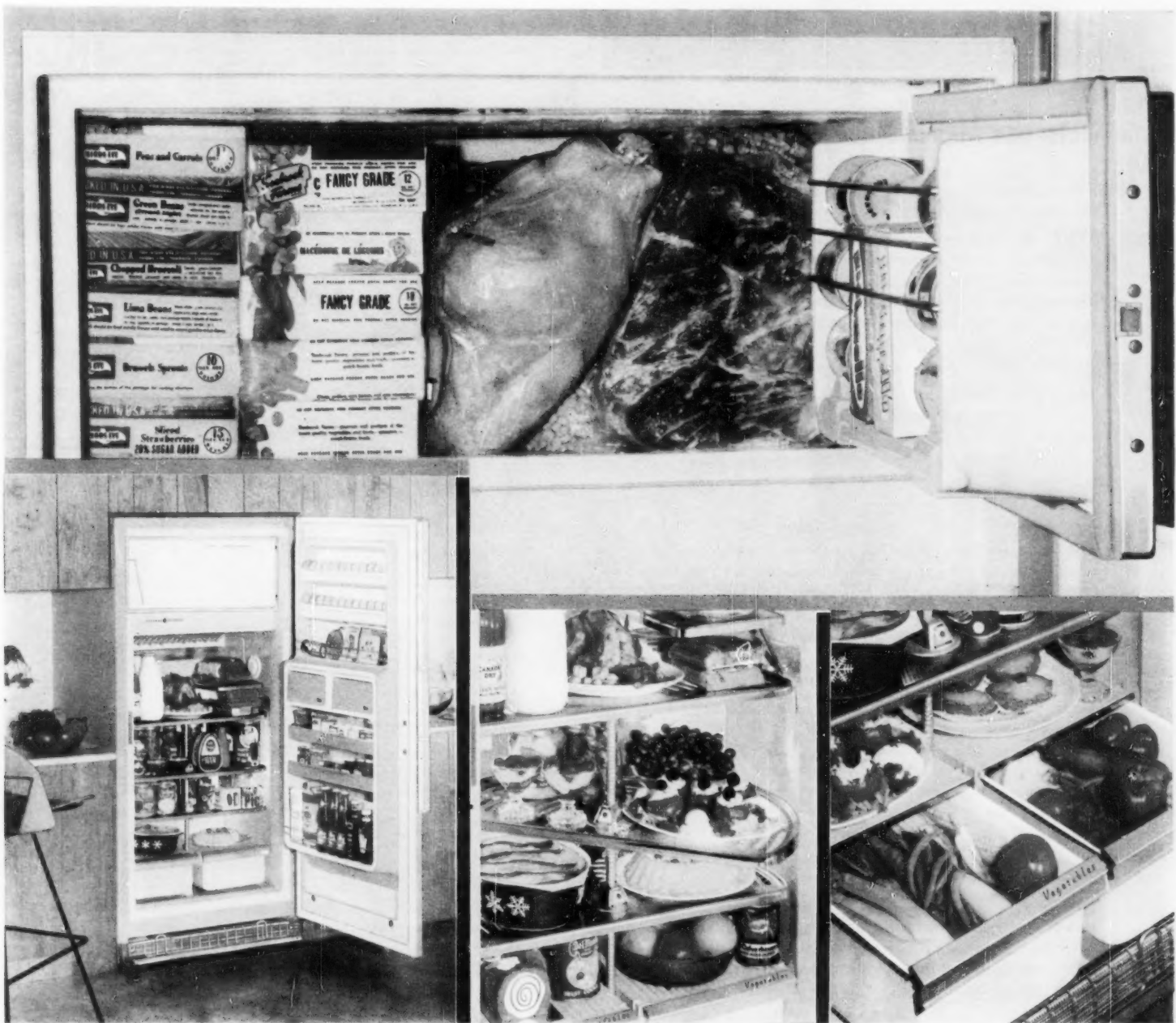
How wonderful that Maclean's is giving us these reports on self-hypnosis (How self-hypnosis can ease your tensions, May 23). We need recognized and appreciated sources of information, especially on revolutionary topics such as the one in question.—MRS. A. M. ZWECKER, EDMONTON.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 83

G-E ANNOUNCES

Once-a-month shopping

General Electric's ZERO-ZONE freezer is not like ordinary freezer compartments. It is separately insulated and refrigerated. Extra large, it holds 67 lbs of frozen food. This means you can quick-freeze a month's supply of food, and keep it *safely* in your ZERO-ZONE freezer for up to one year.



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YOU'D NEVER KNOW HE HAD A CORONARY...

Some facts and fallacies about HEART ATTACKS

- ☒ The chances of a person surviving a heart attack are steadily increasing.

TRUE—Not long ago, most people felt that a heart attack or a "coronary" usually meant sudden or early death—or a life of invalidism. Now we know that most victims—about 80 percent—recover from their first attack, and many of them recover fully enough to enjoy many useful years.

- ☒ After recovery, most patients go back to work.

TRUE—The patient who has made a good recovery is not handicapped when placed in a job which does not unduly tax his heart. Given proper medical supervision, he can engage in daily work without harm. Most doctors encourage their patients to return to work as soon as possible.

- ☒ Heart attacks are caused by strenuous activity.

FALSE—Most heart specialists now believe that physical exertion has little, if anything, to do with a coronary attack. In fact, attacks often occur during sleep or rest.

Many factors—including age, sex, occupation and diet—are believed to play a part in coronary disease.

- ☒ Recovered coronary patients should control weight.

TRUE—Next to good medical care, nothing is more important for people who have had heart disease than to control their weight.

It is just as much of a burden on the heart to carry around ten pounds of extra weight all day as it would be to carry around a ten-pound bundle constantly.

- ☒ A person who has suffered one heart attack will almost certainly have another one.

FALSE—The recovered patient should not live in fear that he will have another attack. He may—or he may not.

By sticking to their doctor's advice about diet, weight control, work, sleep and rest, more and more recovered patients are living comfortably without further trouble.

To recovered coronary patients and their families:

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swered in Metropolitan's booklet called *After a Coronary*.

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CONTENTS

VOLUME 72

JUNE 20, 1959

NUMBER 13

PREVIEW: Summer beauty madness / Teenage drug problem

Our disappearing caddies / The Queen's handshake blues 1

BACKSTAGE: What can Tories do about new "tight money?" .. 2

The unlikely pair behind Ottawa's Journal / Unsolved murders .. 3

EDITORIAL and MAILBAG 4

ARTICLES

Is Pope John changing the Catholic church? Robert Neville 13

What the new Pope may mean to Canada. Eric Hutton 78

My space-age flight on a Bomarc. John Clare 14

George Hees: Ottawa's biggest surprise package. Peter C. Newman 18

The strange and savage world of Hollywood. Bruce Hutchison 20

A prophetic view of the royal tour. Len Norris 22

The strangest millionaire who ever drew breath. A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK. David Piper 24

Does your face reveal your character? Janice Tyrwhitt 26

FICTION

How Crocus got its Seaway. W. O. Mitchell 16

DEPARTMENTS

For the sake of argument. The farmer has too much voting power.

M. S. Donnelly 8

London letter. There'll never be another Beecham. Beverley Baxter 10

Maclean's movies page 30 Sweet and sour page 28

My most memorable meal page 38 Jasper page 44 Parade page 84

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

Credits are listed left to right, top to bottom: 8, Wheeler / 13, Wheeler / 14-15, Boeing Airplane Company / 16, three Rosemary Gillial, one Capital Press / 19, two Capital Press, one Toronto Telegram / 20, Twentieth Century Fox / 21, one Twentieth Century Fox, one Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate / 24, Canada Wide Feature Service / 25, Graetz Brothers Limited / 26, one CBC, one Star Newspaper Service, one Miller Service, one no credit / 27, three Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate, one Horst Ehlrich, one McDermidt Studios Ltd., one National Film Board, one Star Newspaper Service, one no credit.



THE COVER

Ed McNally may not be the only artist to depict a royal tour scene this year but he figures he's sure to win the prize for the *smallest* portrait ever painted of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, at the stern rail of the royal yacht Britannia as it sails up the St. Lawrence River.

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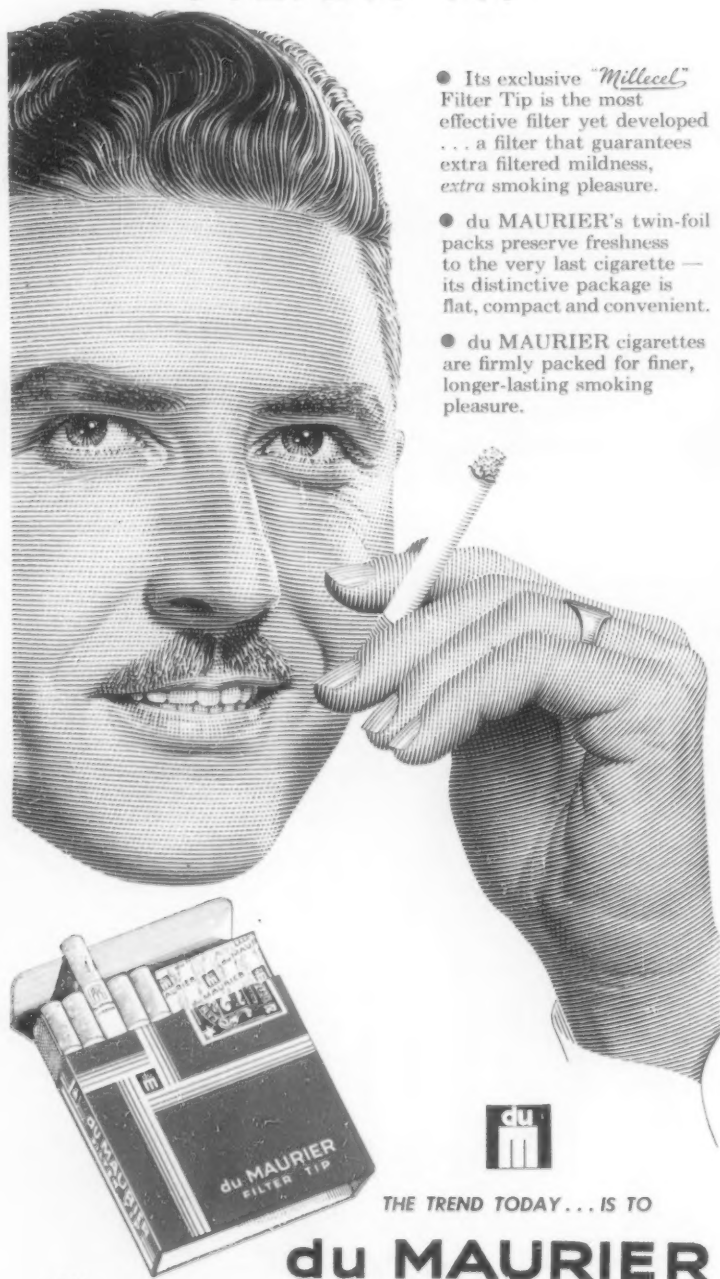
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For the sake of argument



M. S. DONNELLY SAYS

The farmer has too much voting power

Majority rule, representation by population, and one man, one vote, are clichés in Canada. Everyone knows, or thinks he knows, that these principles are imbedded in our system of government. We should take another look at the system of representation.

In the past half century Canada has changed from an agrarian rural country to an industrial and predominantly urban nation. In 1956 Canada was sixty-eight percent urban and thirty-two percent rural, which represents, almost exactly, a complete inversion of the figures that applied after the census of 1901. Nothing like a corresponding change has occurred in the basis of representation for our provincial legislatures or for the House of Commons at Ottawa. Sixty percent of the members presently sitting in the capital represent rural areas. In a federal election one rural vote is worth, on the average, twice as much as an urban one and in some areas it may be worth ten times as much. The situation in the provincial legislatures is either identical or worse. For example, metropolitan Montreal has over a third of the population of the province, but approximately one seventh of the seats in the legislature. Vancouver, with a population nearly half that of British Columbia, has about twenty-five percent of the seats. Similar ratios can be found in almost every province.

Springboard for demagogues?

How did we get this way and what are the consequences of having representation on this basis? The short answer to the first question is that our country was basically rural in the beginning, and inertia, the alleged difficulty of representing a large rural area, plus the myths of agrarian stability and rural superiority in virtue, have maintained our representative

system much as it began. The answer to the second is that not only does rural over-representation violate the principles of representation by population, but it may, and if our history is any guide, probably will, serve as a buttress for reaction and a springboard for demagogues.

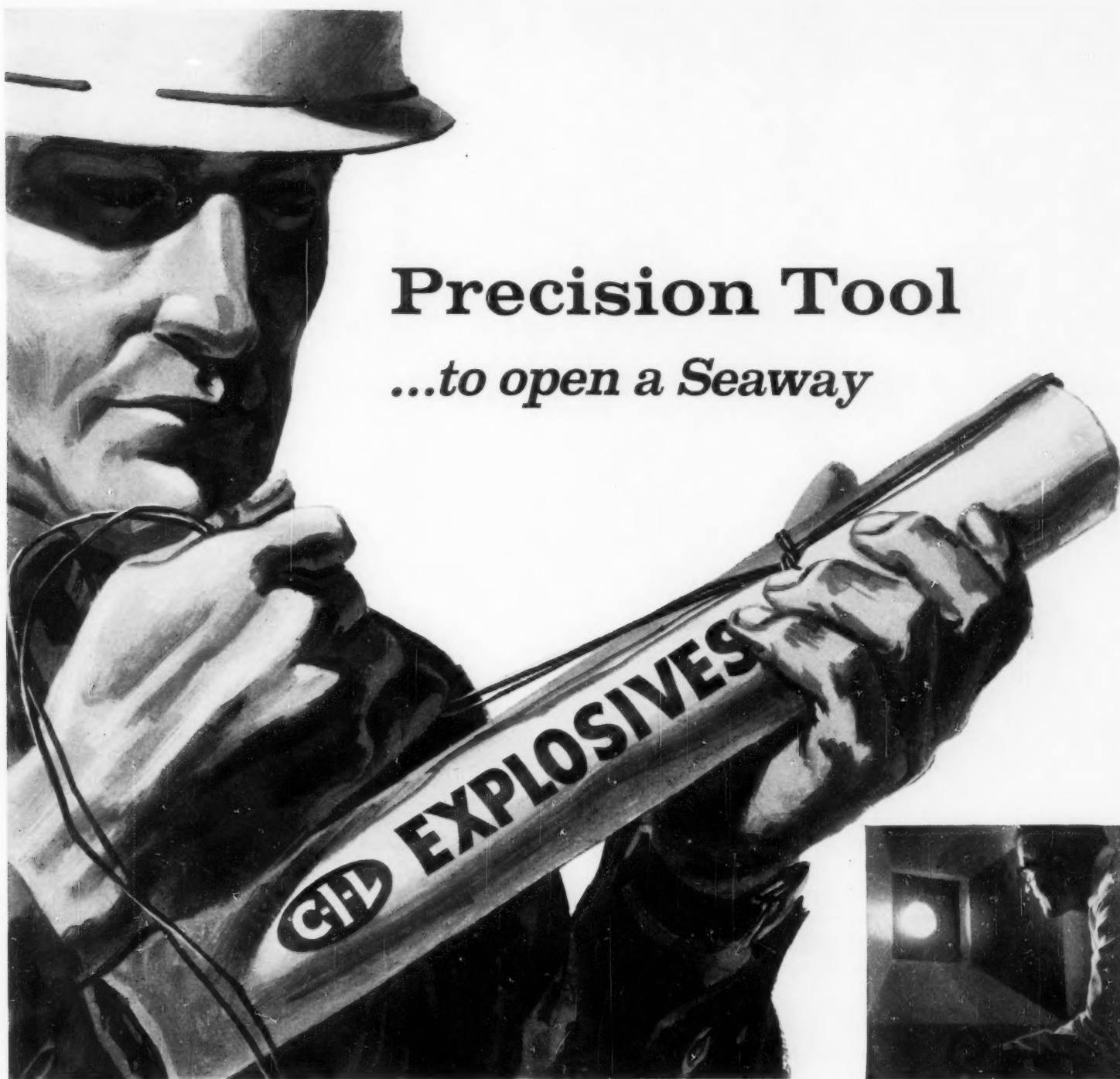
In monetary terms, a powerful farm lobby has already secured a mass of expensive legislation to bonus and protect farmers, the bill for which is paid largely by urban wage earners through income tax. This also results in higher food costs for the same wage earner and, in some provinces he may even be told, by law, that he may substitute margarine for butter only if its color is acceptable to the dairy farmer.

The idea that an agrarian economy is best for stable democratic government has been around a long time. Political thinkers, orators, statesmen and poets have added to the myth over the centuries. Three hundred years before Christ, Aristotle wrote: "The best material for democracy is an agricultural community; there is no difficulty in forming a democracy where the mass of the people live by agriculture or the tending of cattle." Both Socrates and Cicero believed that agriculture was the "mother and nurse of all the other arts."

Thomas Jefferson was one of the earliest advocates of the doctrine in North America. He argued that the ruling class must be drawn from a land-owning aristocracy and the majority of those who had the franchise should be, at least, small landholders. American agriculturalists call him the father of the family farm. Jefferson wrote at length on the alleged connection between wisdom, virtue and farming: "Cultivators of the earth," he said, "are the most valuable citizens. They are the most independent, the

continued on page 52

PROF. DONNELLY TEACHES POLITICAL SCIENCE, UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA



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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

There'll never be another Beecham

Truly it can be said of Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., that, take him all in all, we shall not look upon his like again. Therefore, I was much pleased when he invited me to a dinner party which he was giving on the occasion of his own eightieth birthday.

Here is a man who has burned the candle at both ends and in the middle, a dreamer, a satirist, a gourmet, a composer but above all a conductor who can make his orchestra play like angels or devils according to his mood.

One of my early impressions of him was when I saw the announcement that Sir Thomas was to conduct Tristan and Isolde at Covent Garden. Here was a chance to hear Wagner and prove to myself that his music was pompous, evil, overpraised and typical of the sensual bestiality of everything Teutonic.

Nearly everybody knows that Tristan opens with the soft melancholy chromatic loneliness of the cellos followed by a silence. As the audience could not hear anything they started to talk; whereupon Sir Thomas turned around and shouted: "Shut up!"

With his goatee trembling with anger he repeated: "Shut up or I'll

put you out!" Then he turned to the cellists and drew the opening notes from them as if they were played by an angel. Nor shall I forget when, some hours later, there came the Liebestod at the end of the last act with the majestic major chord which tells the audience that Wagner had nothing more to say. Since then I have heard Tristan and Isolde in many opera houses but I like to think that on that night it was given the greatest rendition of all time.

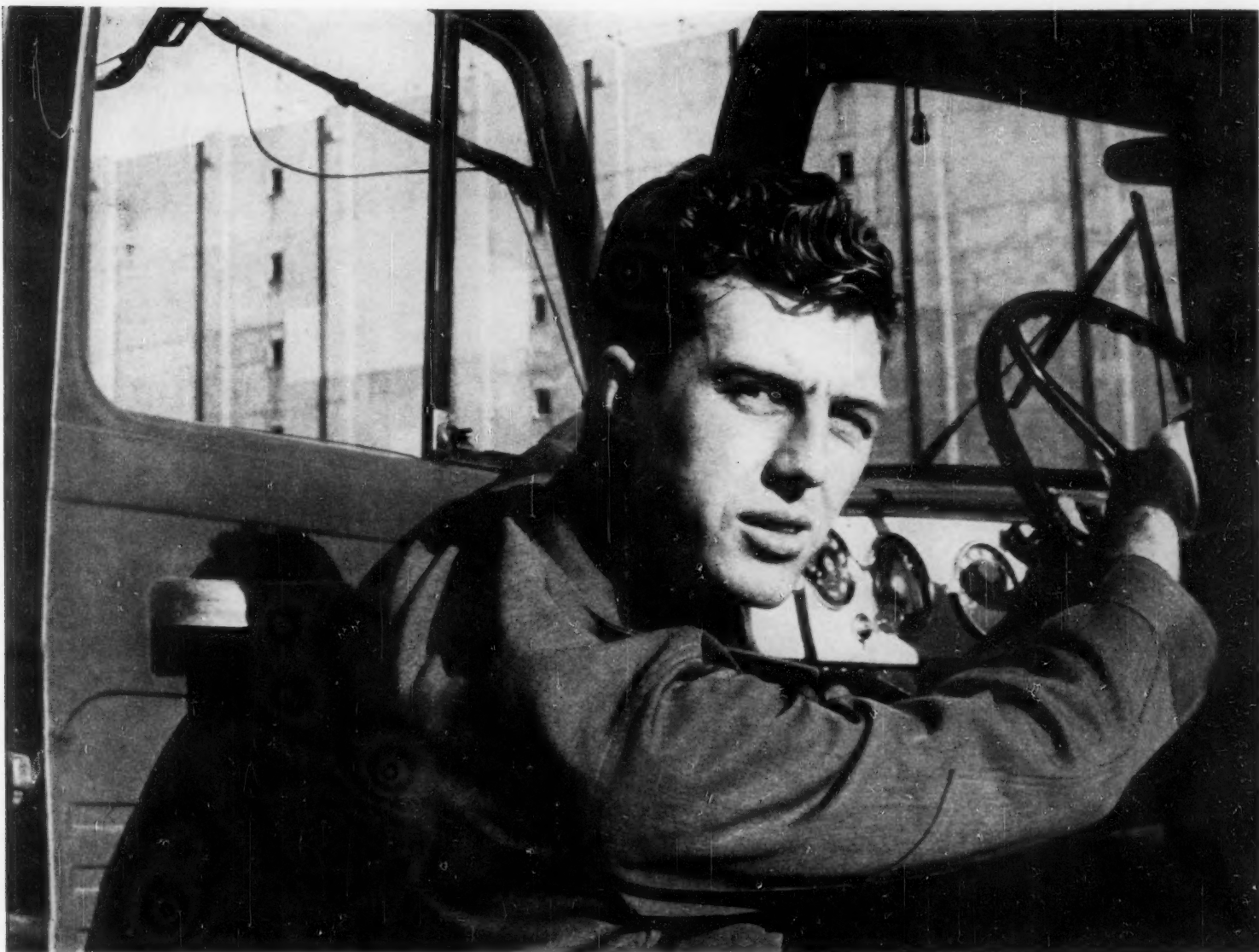
Who and what is Beecham? His father, a man with practical vision but very little money, decided that the English were a race of pill takers, and so he founded his pill kingdom. Being a man of original thought he offered to print hymn books free if they would carry a modest advertisement for his pills. Thus it was agreed and all went well until an eager congregation found themselves singing:

Hark the herald angels sing
Beecham's Pills are just the thing:
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
Two for man and one for child.

Well, at any rate, that is the legend and when I challenged Sir Thomas on **continued on page 81**



"Shut up or I'll put you out!" Beecham once roared at an inattentive audience. But Baxter has also seen him display "gentle understanding."



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Visiting a Rome jail, John XXIII showed his eagerness to break away from old traditions.

Is Pope John changing the Catholic church?

In just seven months John XXIII has all but rewritten the rules on how a pope should behave. For Catholics everywhere — and for the world at large — his comparatively radical conduct may have far-reaching implications.

Here's an on-the-spot report

BY ROBERT NEVILLE

ROME

In the seven months since Giuseppe Roncalli, or John XXIII, ascended the Throne of St. Peter, many changes in personnel and administration have taken place at the Vatican. But no change has been more surprising or even more significant than the way the new Pope, a traditionalist and still an innovator, has chosen to throw overboard many of the old rules about how the Roman pontiff should behave.

From 1871, when the armies of the Italian Risorgimento ended papal rule in central Italy, successive popes considered themselves prisoners in the Vatican. Even after the signing of the Lateran Treaty in 1929, which was supposed to have resolved once and for all

the vexing "Roman question," papal visits outside the Leonine walls took place only on such rare and auspicious occasions as the opening of the Marian Year or the dedication of a new pontifical academy.

In the twenty years of the pontificate of Pius XII, the predecessor of John XXIII, the pope left the Vatican barely a half dozen times. In contrast, the new Pope has slipped outside the Vatican at least thirty times to date. He has gone to see sick friends and old cronies in Rome proper. He has visited jails, orphanages, hospitals, seminaries. He has attended a couple of concerts given specially for him. During Easter week His Holiness went to one **continued on page 73**

FOR WHAT THE NEW POPE MAY MEAN TO CANADA SEE PAGE 78



Steered automatically by the ground-control station's electronic orders to its missile nose, this unique hybrid craft (with editor Clare as observer) tests Bomarc's accuracy.

MY SPACE-AGE FLIGHT ON A B

Six miles above Cape Canaveral, this Maclean's editor and his pilot rode their half bomber, half missile as it zeroed on an "enemy" aircraft—then swerved at the last moment. Here's how it feels to ride the robot that will soon be Canada's No. 1

BY JOHN CLARE

The black jet bomber, with the mysterious nose like an anteater's, broke away from its steep dive as the pilot put it into a climbing turn. Under our port wing the target, a silvery military aircraft, seemed to skid away from us across the dun and green background of Cape Canaveral, the Florida missile test centre.

"Never knew what didn't hit him" said Bob Perry, the pilot, as he pulled the nose up and went looking for other targets to "destroy."

The strange aircraft in which the two of us were riding was the only one of its kind. Originally it had been a B-57, the U. S. Air Force's version of the RAF's Canberra. Many modifications had altered it beyond recognition. It was now half bomber, half missile, one of the most fantastic machines that ever flew. The missile half, at the front end of the old bomber plane, was the nose of the Bomarc, the supersonic ground-to-air missile that is scheduled to replace the abandoned Arrow fighter plane as the chief weapon of Canada's defense.

The Bomarc, with a range of two hundred and fifty miles — shortly to be increased to four hundred in a newer model — is designed to hit and blow up attacking bombers under the guidance of an electronic system called SAGE.

I went to the Bomarc's test centre at Cape Canaveral at the invitation of the Boeing Airplane Company. Boeing expects to be supplying Canada with enough birds, as the missiles are called, to equip two operational bases. To get an idea of how the Bomarc worked I was to ride in the science-fiction hybrid, a half plane, half missile that would charge on a target plane under the direction of its electronic brain and then, just before the fatal collision, be taken back in control of and steered off the collision course by a human co-pilot.

Throughout the flight, the Black Goat, as it is called by some of its hostlers (the others call it "the airplane" or 497), was to be guided automatically by the modern falconers who make their magic while they watch radar scopes and press buttons from control rooms on the ground. They set the initial course of the missile. A rocket booster punches it skyward until it assumes straight and level flight under the power of two ram jets. All this time, with the help of its magic eyes and its two electronic brains — one aloft and one on the ground — it is heading for a radar-spotted enemy. When it comes within striking distance of its prey the Bomarc's nose mechanism takes over. This is the moment called "dive zero." The controls in the missile lock. From then on — and it's only a matter of seconds — the missile and the bomber are destined to collide and die together.

That was about all I knew when I arrived on the missile coast late on a spring afternoon. I also knew I was to be the first reporter to ride the tail of the Bomarc as it continued its round of tests. As our airline drew near the Cape the pilot said on the p.a. system: "Look out at the left and you'll see them shoot a missile." Laboriously, as though the long slim rocket were being drawn painfully from the earth itself, an Ajax began to rise trailing a trembling streamer of orange flame. At a thousand feet the missile began to falter, fell over on its side and swung crazily in the sky before it disappeared into a layer of cloud. A black stain of smoke seemed to fill and spill out of the cloud. Later we heard that it had been necessary to blow up the missile and the flaming fragments had started brush fires on the cape as workers dived for cover under trucks.

The man sitting next to me snorted and sat back. "That's how it is with missiles," he said. "It's all over so soon."

I was met at Melbourne by Bob Perry who told me he would be flying me in the Goat. He was stocky, his black hair was crew cut and he was deeply tanned. Out in his car he put on horn-rimmed glasses to read one of the gauges and then whipped them off and put them in the breast pocket of his jacket.

He grinned. "I hope you don't mind flying with a guy who wears glasses. Actually, I only need these when I want to see something."



BOMARC

's No. 1 defense weapon

As we drove to the house on the beach which he shared with three Boeing technicians, he told me something about himself. He joined the Army Air Corps in 1939 and flew B-17s in the Java and New Guinea campaigns of the South Pacific war. He did a second tour on transports because, as he said, "I was afraid to take a boat home on rotation for fear we'd get sunk." After the war he married Alveen Gillespie, whose family had moved to the U.S. from Melfort, Sask. She was now in Seattle so their three children could finish out the year at school before joining Bob.

After the war he went to work for Ethiopian Airways and frequently had Haile Selassie as a passenger and for one period flew Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall to and from the location of the movie *The African Queen*. For the past ten years he has been an experimental pilot and at forty-five he has at least thirteen thousand hours flying time.

At the house I met two young Ontario men — Art Meadows of Ailsa Craig, and George Papp of Simcoe, both graduates in electronics at Toronto's Ryerson Institute. They were employed by Canadair in Montreal but were part of a group of thirty Canadians on the Cape and another hundred and fifty in Seattle studying Boeing's missile program. In Montreal Canadair officials later explained that this was an attempt to keep together a cadre **continued on page 70**



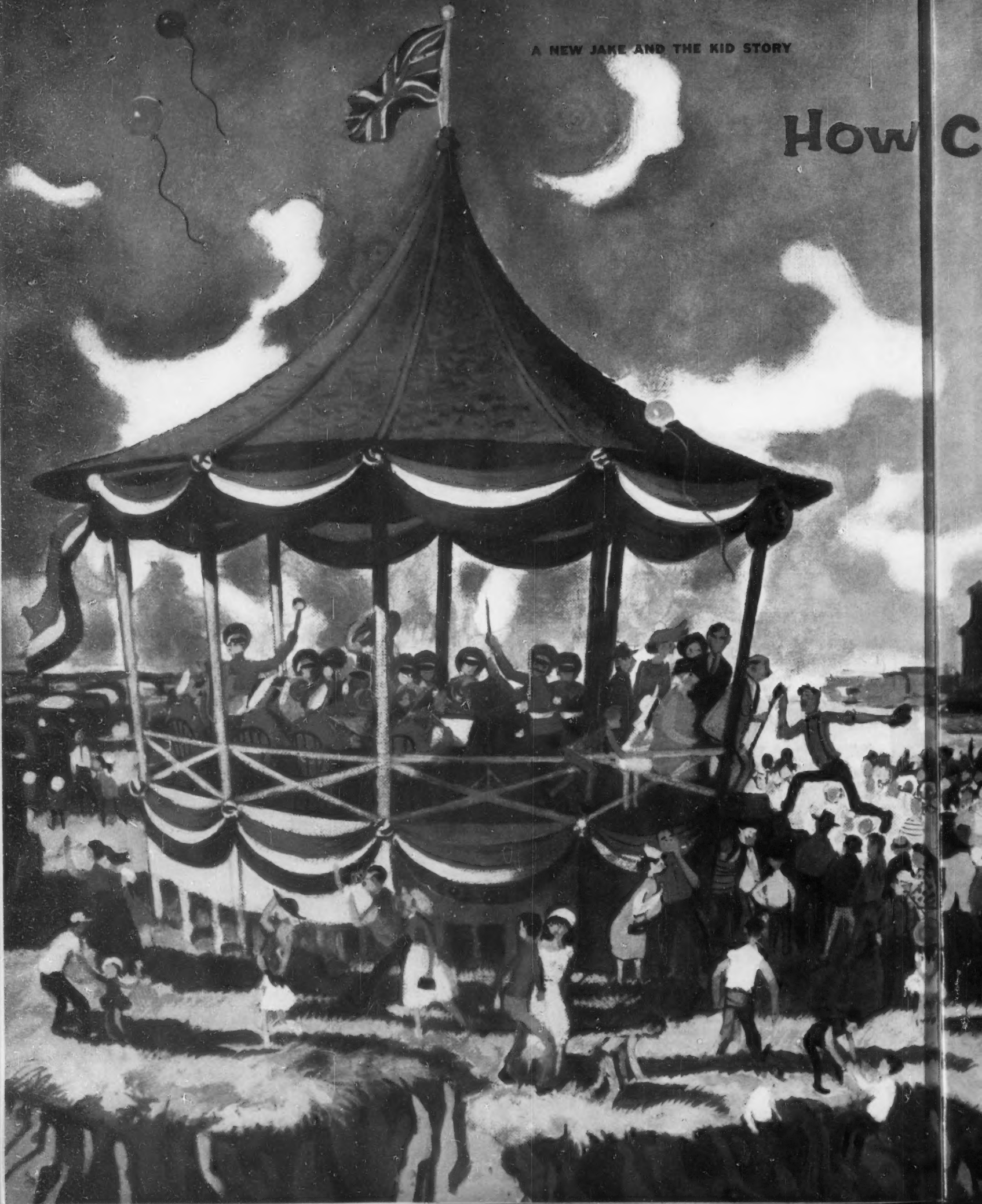
A true Bomarc hurtles toward a Flying Fortress "drone." An instant later the old aircraft was destroyed.



Clare (right) and pilot Bob Perry inspect the missile nose at Boeing's test centre at Cape Canaveral, Fla.

A NEW JAKE AND THE KID STORY

How C



Crocus got its Seaway

**It's just as well the Queen didn't stop off to open the new waterway
on the Brokenshell. Especially with what happened when
Farmer McConeky got fed up with the Beautify Crocus Committee**

BY W. O. MITCHELL

I guess there was a real hooray when Queen Elizabeth opened that Seaway. The mighty St. Lawrence doesn't run through our town, Crocus, Saskatchewan; all we have is Brokenshell Creek that takes its rise in McConeky's slough west of town. But, like Miss Henchbaw that teaches us kids at Rabbit Hill School, says, she is an age-old river flowing her same course through the prairies long before the white man and long before the red man too. And the self-same day Queen Elizabeth opened the new Saint Lawrence we had our celebration for the Brokenshell.

Well, we didn't have Queen Elizabeth to our party, or President Eisenhower or Prime Minister Diefenbaker; we had Mayor MacTaggart and Mrs. Elsie Abercrombie that's regent of the Louis Riel Chapter of the IODE and the Deputy Minister of Cultural Activity and Magpie Control. And we didn't have hundreds of thousands of people — just the folks of Crocus and

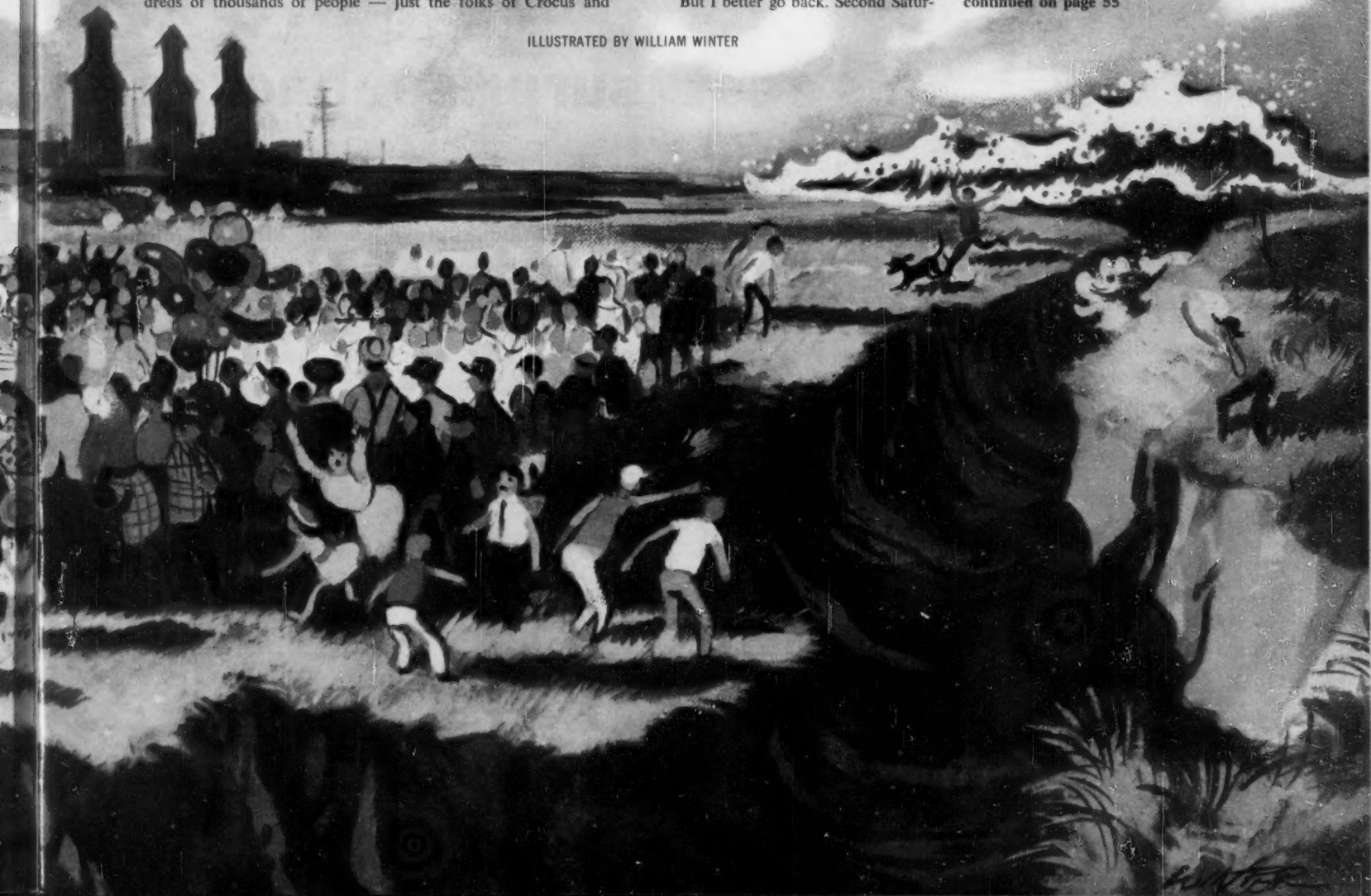
Greater Crocus District. But Jake says it isn't the number of humans or how important they are, it's how deep it cuts into their hides.

We had excitement. It cut deep into our hides. It's still cutting.

Jake says it was glorious all right, but he says the price we paid was real glorious too. Jake's our hired man, that helps me and Ma farm our farm down Government Road out of Crocus. That used to be five miles. Now we go round by Tinchers', take the side road and go east two miles, then south again, then back at the correction line where it hits the Candy place. Altogether that's ten miles into town if you add it up. Every time we do those extra miles Jake cusses the Crocus town council and Mayor MacTaggart.

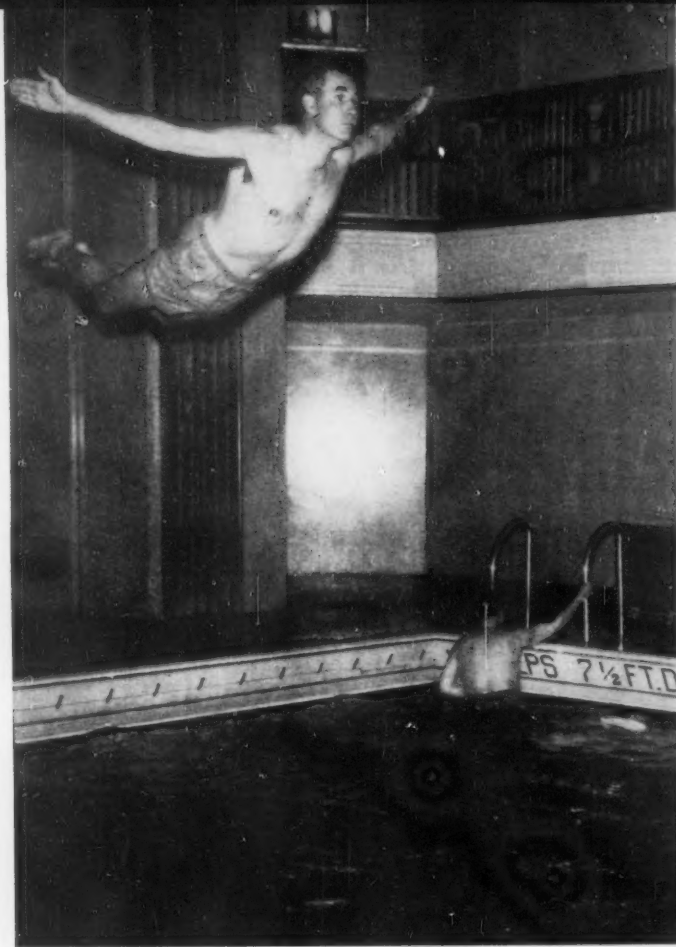
But I better go back. Second Satur- continued on page 55

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM WINTER





The forty-nine-year-old transport minister is hard at work at his desk before eight.



A bear for exercise, he swims 20 lengths of the Chateau Laurier pool after work.

GEORGE HEES:

Ottawa's biggest surprise package

With his screenstar face, bulging shoulders and bankroll, he was mocked by the Liberals as the millionaire playboy of parliament. But he's since won wide approval as an efficient minister



A gregarious gum-chewer, he likes trading quips with back-benchers. "When I am worrying," he says, "I don't advertise it. I like kidding people. I enjoy life."



Practically everything that moves in Canada comes under his jurisdiction. Here, he takes off from the ice-breaker D'Iberville to inspect the St. Lawrence Seaway.

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Whether they have been delighted or pained by the quality of the ministers John Diefenbaker was able to recruit after his party's twenty-two-year exile from power, Ottawa's political pundits today share one unanimous opinion: the biggest surprise in the PC cabinet has been George Harris Hees. Only two years ago Hees was classed by his own party as an affable but not overly bright lightweight. Few on either side of the House could imagine him as cabinet material. Yet Hees, since his appointment as minister of transport, has turned out to be a capable administrator, gained the respect of his department and become a favorite confidant of the prime minister.

George Hees represents a refutation of the theory that Canadian politicians must be pompous to be successful. "Most people," he says, "think that to be a good cabinet minister you've got to look worried all the time. But I don't believe anybody is interested in a morose guy. When I am worrying I don't advertise it. I like kidding people. I enjoy life."

An unblushing extrovert, Hees loves to lead the sing-song at parties, play catcher at the MPs' annual baseball game and trade quips with back-benchers in the parliamentary corridors. At the Department of Transport picnic last summer, he and his wife entered the three-legged race. "We ran like the devil," he says, "but we only came in second."

Hees is a politician in the nineteenth century tradition of excluding other pursuits from his life — a luxury he can afford as the cabinet's only millionaire. His admirers say he is poised and vigorous; other call him brash and shallow. Both groups agree that he has cultivated with Dutch single-mindedness the talents he does possess. "I want," he says, "to do everything I try better than anyone else."

He compensated for his failure at high-school football with a grim training schedule that eventually made him a star line-backer of the Argonaut team that won the 1938 Grey Cup. After he was flattened in a 1933 amateur boxing bout at Maple Leaf Gardens, he resolutely battled on until he had knocked out the heavyweight champion of all the British armed services.

When war broke out, he trained just as hard to be a good officer, and became a brigade major with a brilliant record. He then schooled himself for public life with the dogged determination he had shown in sports and the army.

At first he bungled badly and frequently. Today he administers an annual budget of a quarter billion dollars and although the transport portfolio gives him lots of chances to bungle, he seldom does. He reports to parliament for fifteen thousand civil servants and the one hundred and twenty thousand employees of the CNR and TCA. Not a plane, ship or train moves in Canada that does not in some way come under his jurisdiction.

Soon after he took office, Hees met Jack Pickersgill in the lobby of the Chateau Laurier Hotel.

"How does it feel to be in power, George?" enquired the former Liberal cabinet minister.

"Oh, I'm just a voice in a suit," Hees grinned back.

The exchange referred to the jeers of Liberal back-benchers who had often chanted "Good suit — no brains" when Hees stood up to speak. During his seven years in opposition Hees was tagged a playboy by C. D. Howe, who referred to him as "the juvenile member for Broadview." Montreal's *Le Devoir* called his parliamentary manner *un air bon enfant*.

Hees demonstrated his love of trivia by campaigning diligently for such causes as a stamp to commemorate the opening of the Toronto subway, permission for the Girl Guides to use the government-owned Connaught Rifle Range near Toronto, and parliamentary support for having Grey Cup matches alternate between east and west.

He called the establishment of the Canada Council "a dodge to reduce the surplus in the federal budget" and made such a fuss about the poor condition of a field at the back of Parliament Hill that "Hees heeds weeds" became a favorite anti-Conservative taunt during question periods. He was labeled "the malarkey man in the House" by Jimmy Sinclair, the Liberal minister of fisheries, who called him "very charming, but better endowed physically than mentally."

Even when Hees' attacks on government policies were well documented — such as his speeches on national defense and housing — Liberal cabinet ministers brushed them off as "nothing but Heesteria." While in opposition **continued on page 64**

Once an Argo line-backer, Hees goes right on proving a cabinet minister needn't be pompous



An unblushing extrovert, he plays Prince Charming at a ball with Joyce Davidson.



At a picnic for civil servants, the Hees "ran like the devil" in a three-legged race.



Mrs. Hees commutes to Toronto, where Roslyn (left) attends school. Martha is at the University of Western Ontario. Catherine (absent) studies ballet in New York.



HUTCHISON IN HOLLYWOOD: III

The strange an



Hutchison watched Leslie Caron embrace an injured Henry Fonda with monotonous repetition. Her glycerine tears ruined many takes.



Canadian actor Raymond Burr studies law at night to bring perfection to his Perry Mason role. Barbara Hale plays his secretary.

◀ Debbie Reynolds and Robert Wagner repeated this "bit" for Say One For Me until Hutchison was reminded of "human sacrifice."

James H. Richardson (right), the Ontario-born Los Angeles editor, was Hutchison's host. Here they meet star Susan Hayward.



III e and savage world of Hollywood

BRUCE HUTCHISON, concluding his report on the world's film capital,

watches stars like Debbie Reynolds, Leslie Caron, Susan Hayward, James Cagney

and Henry Fonda struggle and sweat for cinematic perfection.

The cost, he discovers, includes "a shocking waste of time, talent and money"

Miss Debbie Reynolds was literally singing and dancing like crazy, as her part required, when I saw her on the huge Twentieth Century-Fox sound stage just before 1 p.m. She had been doing so, with minor interruptions, since 8 a.m. The scene photographed in the studio would last about three minutes on the screen. It had been repeated in front of the camera for nearly five hours.

Still it didn't suit the director, a genial moose of a man named Frank Tashlin, who wasn't in the least surprised, excited or impatient. Among that company of actors, extras, camera men and mechanics Mr. Tashlin alone appeared serene and tireless.

"The trouble," he told me as he ordered another take, "is with the words. She could sing them a month ago. She can't get them right today. She's lost something. Besides, in the last take she jumped clear out of the camera."

I watched the performance several times and it looked fine to me. Miss Reynolds (grinning bravely though her idyllic marriage had just blown up and she was going to court for a divorce next day) tripped out on the stage of a French cabaret. Her flaxen head was covered by a professor's mortar board hat, her body by an absurd blue garment like a tight bathing suit. With Mr. Robert Wagner, who wore evening clothes and an overgrown mop of hair, she sang a funny little song that you will hear frequently later on — I'm the Girl Most Likely to Succeed. But she wasn't succeeding at that moment.

While the director watched them patiently and the famished camera crew impatiently, she and her partner pranced around the cabaret, giggled at the customers, repeated

the chorus and took a bow. That's all there was to the scene, three minutes of celluloid but an infinity of labor, an agonizing search for perfection and the true secret of the motion picture.

It is sometimes art, it is usually entertainment but it is always the best product that men like Mr. Tashlin can create out of the available materials against difficulties inconceivable until you have seen them at first hand.

Half an hour on the sound stage told me more than years of reading about the real Hollywood of dull, slogging toil behind the façade of false glamour — the workshop where miracles are not inspired but painfully manufactured by a system of machine production unbelievable complex.

There is inspiration, too, as I would soon discover in some queer places, but it had long preceded the mechanics now under way. Inspiration had made the blueprint and specifications of the miracle in the first place. Only toil could build the picture out of disjointed fragments like the bricks in a skyscraper.

Most of that toil goes unnoticed in all the publicity, gossip and scandal pouring out of Hollywood in daily torrent. A smile, a wink, a casual gesture which we take for granted in the theatre and immediately forget needs hours or days of experiment, trial and error. In its writing even a simple comic scene like the one before me now might have begun months or years ago.

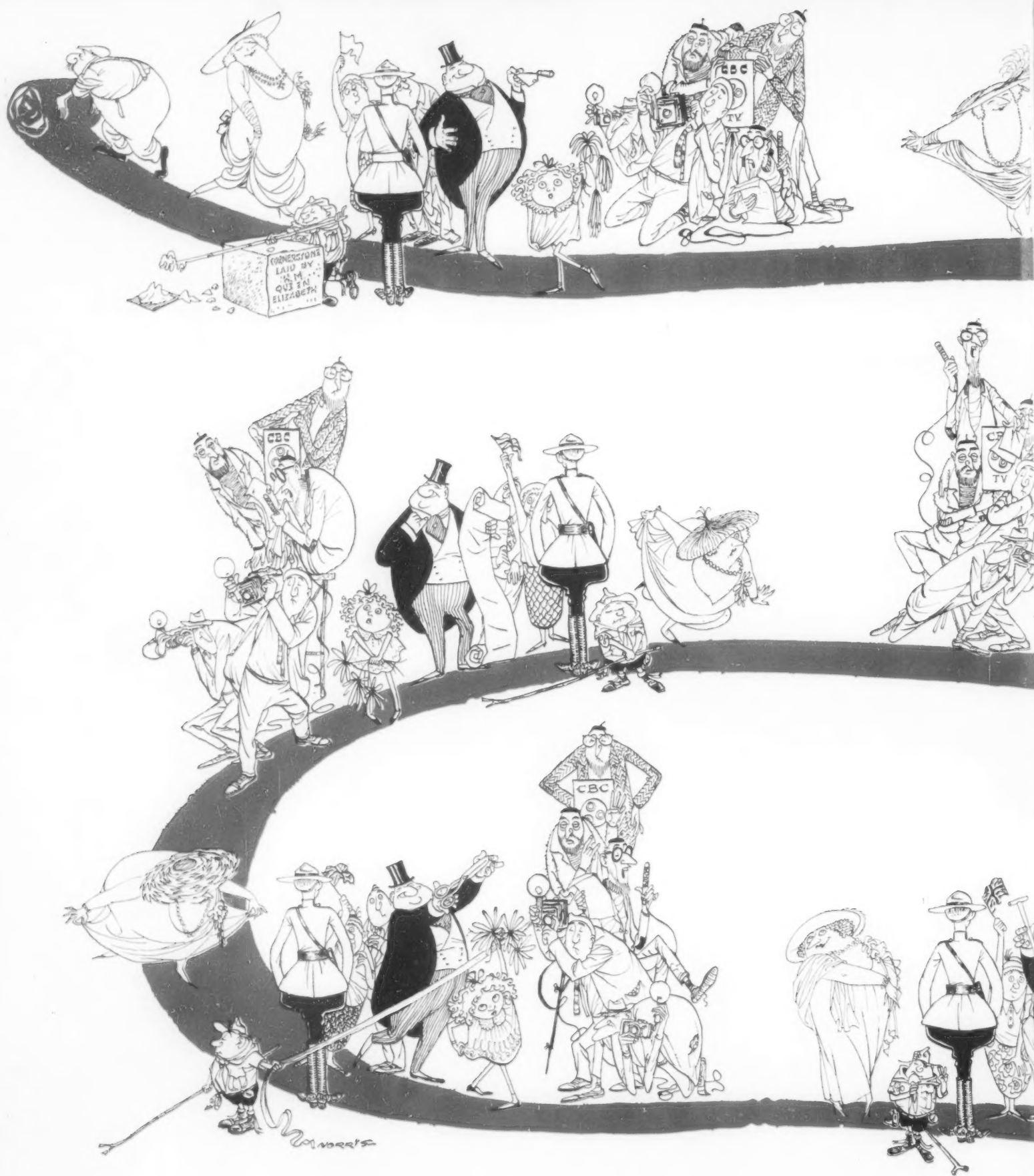
The magic had been conceived elsewhere by others. Mr. Tashlin's responsibility was to prevent it leaking out in transit between originator and consumer; if possible to add a touch of his own magic in the process.

No doubt he hid his private inspiration under a careless air but you wouldn't suspect it as he stood, relaxed in his shirt sleeves. For the present he was the boss of an assembly line and had no time for the luxury of temperament. All he wanted today was that song and dance, turned out according to specifications. It must be a minute but reliable, factory-made part of the greater whole, a picture billed as Say One For Me.

One reason Mr. Tashlin had been toiling since eight o'clock was that, in the exact sense, he didn't know what he was doing or how he did it. Nor did Miss Reynolds. No artist ever does. Nevertheless, from this pain, confusion and drudgery, as in organic birth, would come perfection, or rather the nearest thing to per- continued on page 44



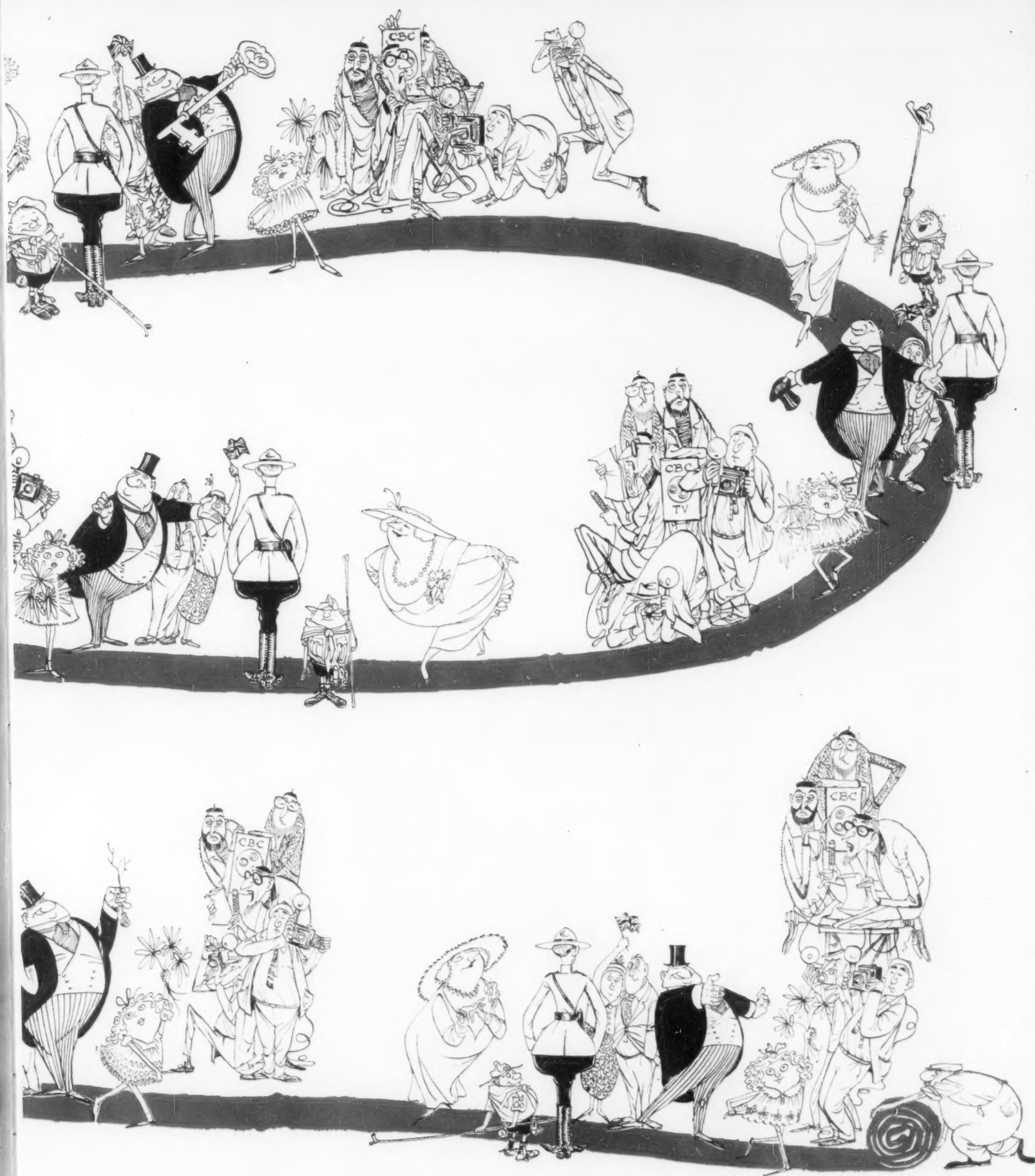
James Cagney surprised Hutchison with his expert knowledge of farming—"his real interest."



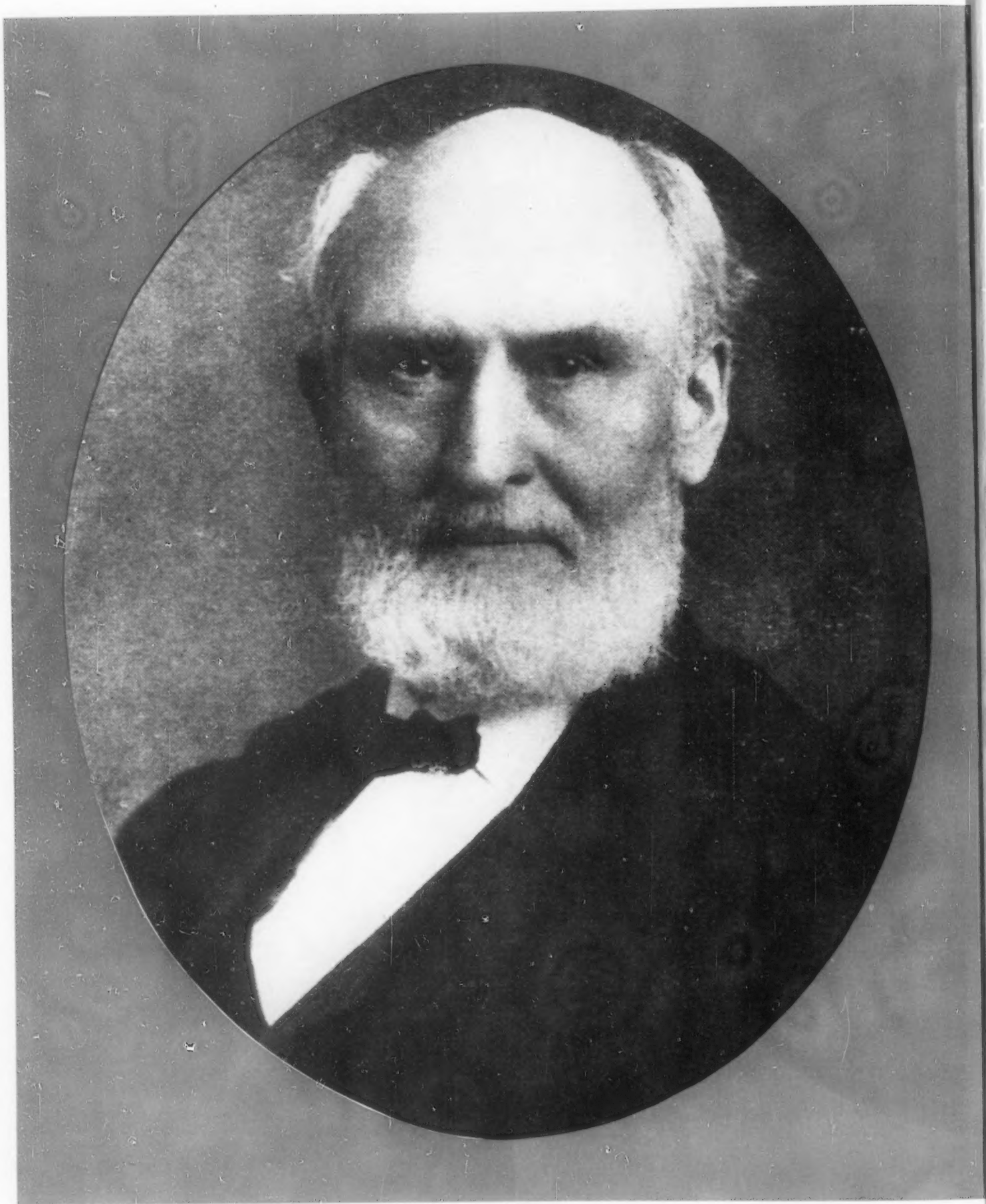
A prophetic view of the royal tour by Len Norris

What

t



the Queen will see in Canada 🇨🇦



A Maclean's Flashback by David Piper

Sir William Macdonald

gave away \$15 million but he wouldn't bail his brother out of jail.

Tobacco made him rich



but smoking made him furious.

This magnificent miser was justly called

The strangest millionaire who ever drew breath

The newspaper story began: "Unwept if not unhonored and unsung, the queerest millionaire who ever lived in Canada has been cremated in Montreal." He had been, the *Star Weekly's* elegiac note on the death of Sir William Macdonald in 1917 went on, the "strangest combination of lavish generosity and penuriousness that ever drew breath."

So he was.

No member of his estranged and embittered family attended his funeral, but the oration was delivered by a prominent Canadian, Sir William Peterson, principal of McGill University and closest friend of the frugal millionaire.

This short slim fiery Scot was the founder of W. C. Macdonald Inc., where his formidable ghost lives on. What would Sir William Macdonald think? What would he do? These questions are still asked occasionally by the men who run Canada's largest independent tobacco business (thirty percent of all cigarettes sold).

During his lifetime Sir William gave away more than fifteen million dollars to worthy causes, yet his black coat was so old and shabby it was turning green. His office was furnished with an old deal table and a kitchen chair. The present owner, Walter Stewart, one of two brothers who were clerks in the company and to whom Macdonald left everything, uses that same table and chair.

Macdonald's pride in Canada and her future

was immense. It prompted him to build McGill University's agricultural college, Macdonald College, at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, at a cost of about five million dollars. He left the college a fund of three million dollars. He also gave more than five million to the parent school, McGill, and in his last three years was its chancellor.

One of a dozen chairs he endowed was filled by Professor Ernest Rutherford when he was pioneering atomic research. Macdonald equipped the lab-

oratories Rutherford required for his experiments.

Macdonald's heir, Walter Stewart, is still donating large sums both to McGill and Macdonald College. His latest gift has been to increase substantially the endowments of the twelve Macdonald professorships. Stewart does this because he thinks Macdonald would have liked it.

The original benefactor made his vast fortune out of tobacco but never smoked himself and threatened to send home to Prince Edward Island a nephew he caught smoking. He quarreled bitterly with his father, yet he was greatly attached to his mother and took her on a European cruise the year before her death.

When his brother Augustine was jailed in the U. S. for smuggling between the States and Canada during the American Civil War, he wouldn't raise a finger to get him out. Yet he educated his other brother's children at the best schools, and set his nephews up in jobs afterward.

His faults as well as his virtues were big. It seemed impossible for him to do things by halves. While he shunned publicity and was secretive by nature, professors and students of Macdonald College have, through the years, laboriously researched and assembled the available information about his life and background.

His grandfather was the eighth hereditary chieftain of the Glenanadale branch of the clan Macdonald. He brought his clansmen to Prince Edward Island in 1772 and 1773. Donald Macdonald, his son, was a member of the Legislative Assembly of the island from 1839 to

continued on page 32



◀ A lifelong bachelor, Sir William avoided the press and public but did pose for famous photographer Notman.

Macdonald's severely plain desk, chair and strongbox are still preserved in the company's Montreal office.

Does your face REVEAL your character?

Almost invariably,
strangers will judge you by your looks.

And you, in turn,
probably read certain traits in theirs.

How often
are either of you likely to be right?

BY JANICE TYRWHITT

Because people have always been convinced that faces reveal something about character, the human face has been the subject of endless speculation.

Is your face simply an accidental arrangement of bone, muscle and skin housing the sense organs on the front of your head, or is the shape it takes somehow related to the mysterious workings of your mind and emotions? As you grow older, do the pressures of your experiences, accomplishments and appetites visibly mold your features? If someone likes or dislikes you on sight is he drawn or repelled by some real trait apparent in your face, or merely moved by some prejudice of his own?

According to psychologists, we all judge by appearances. We make certain assumptions about people from the shape of their features, from their expressions, from what they do to their faces with cosmetics and beards and spectacles. We call a face honest or benevolent or ambitious, we refer to kind eyes, a generous mouth, a strong jaw. Our stereotypes often prove wrong: Wolfe and Nelson had receding chins, and gross-featured Samuel Johnson was deeply moral and incisively witty.

LOOK AT THESE DOZEN FACES—SOME



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2



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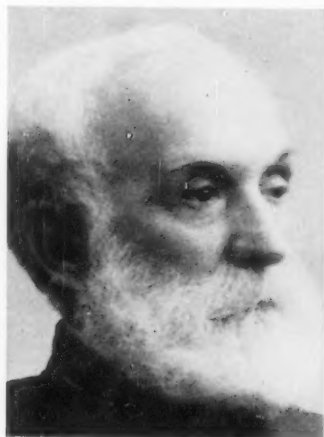
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Detectives, personnel counselors and others accustomed to screening people for a specific purpose, find faces an unreliable guide. Yet recent scientific research indicates that the shape of your face may actually reveal things about your temperament and the way you handle your problems. Dr. John W. Lovett Doust, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Toronto, says, "For practical purposes we know nothing at all about the relationship of face and character, but there have been some shrewd guesses."

He adds that emotional development is directly related to physical development. "The degree of immaturity in a person's features reflects the immaturity of his personality. It is possible by inspection of an individual to ascertain how completely he has grown up, to judge whether he can face the threats and stresses of life appropriately or like a little child."

A typical newborn baby has fair hair, a high forehead, blue eyes set wide apart, long curling eyelashes, a snub nose, short upper lip, full mouth, small ears and soft skin. As the child grows, his hair and eyes are darkened by the addition of

FAMOUS, SOME INFAMOUS: HOW WOULD YOU RATE THEIR CHARACTERS? For answers see page 62



3



4



5



6



9



10



11



12

pigment, his brow grows smaller as his features take up a larger proportion of his face, his eyes grow closer together, his nose and upper lip grow longer, his mouth widens and his skin toughens.

Lovett Doust says the rate at which you shed these infantile features corresponds to the rate at which you discard the wholly emotional reactions of childhood and develop an adult pattern of behavior. "The fewer such characteristics any given individual possesses at any one time, the less likely is he to possess also the psychological characteristics of emotional immaturity, and the less likely is he to break down with psychiatric disorder," he says.

"Far more of these immature features are seen in mentally ill people," he adds. "The worse the illness, the more of these features are prominent. The neurotic characteristically has some infantile features, the depressive still more, and the schizophrenic most of all."

He points out that emotional development doesn't appear to be related to intelligence. "A high IQ is no guarantee of emotional maturity," he says. "On the other hand, a clever person can

sometimes turn infantile characteristics to advantage. Most people love babies, and the baby-faced blond film star like Jayne Mansfield or Marilyn Monroe plays on her immaturity because it caters to public taste. The more she looks like a baby, with a high forehead, wide blue eyes, tiny nose, pouting lips and fair hair, the more successful she'll be. Actors, producers and impresarios of all kinds have a much higher proportion of certain immature features. Like children, these people are role players."

Another theory has been developed by Dr. William H. Sheldon, of Columbia University, who divides humanity into three kinds of personality, cerebrotonic, somatonic and viscerotonic, and classifies each individual according to the proportion of traits he draws from each group.

The typical cerebrotonic, a tall thin person whose activities are controlled by his mind, has an egg-shaped head and a tense, sensitive face with bright, shifty eyes, high cheek bones, thin lips, large ears and bushy hair. He is reserved, shy, secretive, apprehensive, prone to ailments like toothache, head colds, skin rashes and fatigue, and

likes philosophy, research and an academic life.

The somatonic is muscular and athletic, with a square head and a handsome, expressive face ideally suited for the stage. He is vigorous, aggressive, reckless, noisy, likes hunting, fast cars, getting up early, cold showers and swimming nude, and is usually too slow-thinking to be a success in business. The viscerotonic has a round head and chubby face with wide eyes, thick lips, snub nose, small ears and fine sparse hair. He is a sociable type who loves food, comfort, parties and people, falls in love easily and makes a good salesman or public relations man. Women are usually a fairly even mixture of these three groups, while men tend to extremes in physical build and temperament.

Sheldon's theories about character being predetermined by a person's physical features have been criticized by anthropologists.

"What Sheldon forgets is that behavior is learned, not inherited," says Dr. Edmund Carpenter, professor of anthropology at the University of Toronto. "If an Italian child grows up in a Jewish family he learns Jewish" **continued on page 61**

Sweet & sour

How to read the royal tour news

(Authorized translations from the original Journalese)

Newspaper phrase:	Meaning:
exclusive, eye-witness report.....	we flew over the garden party with a pair of binoculars
a source close to the royal party.....	the cop who was keeping the crowd back
went off without a hitch.....	the mayor remembered to read his speech
informal greeting.....	the mayor forgot to read his speech and just stammered
small, informal reception.....	the politicians managed to keep out the social climbers
their first chance to meet.....	the social climbers managed to keep out the politicians
showing the first signs of fatigue.....	Philip fell asleep during the mayor's speech
first real glimpse of the Canadian countryside.....	they reached a spot on the outskirts where the crowds were thinner
Philip graciously declined.....	he turned his back
the Queen and her Consort.....	Philip was trying to persuade her to leave early
smilingly exchanged murmurs of admiration	
were obliged to press on.....	they escaped
captured the hearts.....	some kids in the front row of the townspeople got excited
thousands of cheering citizens.....	hundreds of people
hundreds of cheering citizens.....	dozens of people
a select group of townspeople.....	a dozen; the others were waiting on the wrong platform
hordes of photographers.....	hordes of photographers

BY HAL TENNANT





This mark stands for good value-
and good food as you like it!



A meal to set before a king! Juiciest of Maple Leaf filet mignons; bright vegetables, perfected with Margene Margarine; baked potato—flavour-peaked with Maple Leaf Ched-R-Spread.

And how do you like your steak?

RARE

Broil 5 minutes each side

MEDIUM

Broil 6 minutes each side

WELL DONE

Broil 8 minutes each side

Steaks should be about 1½ to 2 inches thick, "marbled" with tiny veins of fat. Before broiling, season with salt and pepper (and, if you wish, garlic salt). Brush lightly with Margene Margarine.

Oven-broil—preheat broiler, place steak on a greased rack and broil 3 inches below heat.

Pan-broil—preheat a heavy frypan, lightly brush steak with Margene and place in pan, broil over moderate heat. **Charcoal-broil**—make

ready a bed of coals; place steak on rack about 6 inches from heat. A quick way to test steak for just right "doneness" is to make a small cut in the centre. And a reliable way to make sure you get the best "beginnings" for *any* meal is to buy by the "CP" mark. It pledges finest quality in every product we offer. It is our promise that we bring you ingredients at their best. So you can serve good food at your table—the way *you* like it.





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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

WARLOCK: Henry Fonda (right) as a graceful, sardonic and thoroughly efficient free-lance "town tamer" and Anthony Quinn as his devoted but sinister side-kick are the most interesting characters in this solid "adult western." With Richard Widmark, Dorothy Malone.

ALIAS JESSE JAMES: Two previous Bob Hope mock-westerns, *Paleface* in 1948 and *Fancy Pants* in 1950, were funnier than his latest spoof of gun-fighters and saloon brawlers. The inevitable dance-hall queen is decoratively played by Rhonda Fleming. Rating: fair.

CARRY ON NURSE: This kind of trash often flourishes at the box office but discriminating customers are hereby warned that it's a vulgar and repetitious hospital farce from Britain. Rating: poor.

GREEN MANSIONS: The ethereal Audrey Hepburn was a good choice to portray a mysterious "bird girl" of the Venezuelan forests in the screen version of W. H. Hudson's novel. But Mel Ferrer's ponderous direction and a gauzy-poetic ending defeat the worthy project. With Anthony Perkins, Lee J. Cobb.

THE MAN UPSTAIRS: An intelligent, decently done psychological drama from Britain. Richard Attenborough appears as a man whose emotional turmoil brings about a virtual state of siege in the drab lodging house where he is hiding from the world.

THIS EARTH IS MINE: A long and complicated soap-opera about a dynasty of California grape-growers. The cast includes Rock Hudson, Jean Simmons, Claude Rains, Dorothy McGuire and a new Hollywood temptress named Cindy Robbins. Rating: fair.

WATUSI: A Sequel to 1950's *King Solomon's Mines*. Some of the African jungle-and-veldt scenery is eye-filling but the story and acting are not much above the comic-strip level. With George Montgomery, Taina Elg, David Farrar.

THE YOUNG PHILADELPHIANS: The sudsy flavor of old-fashioned daytime serials is often prominent in this overlong high-society drama but the job is done with a lot of skill throughout. Paul Newman's role is that of a tough-minded young lawyer who gradually discovers he's a better human being than he had supposed.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

- | | |
|---|--|
| Adventures of Arsene Lupin: French detective comedy. Fair. | The Lost Missile: Science fiction. Fair. |
| Al Capone: Real-life crime drama. Good. | Me and the Colonel: Comedy. Good. |
| Bachelor of Hearts: Comedy. Fair. | My World Dies Screaming: Drama. Poor. |
| The Captain's Table: Comedy. Fair. | Naked Maja: Historical drama. Poor. |
| Carlton-Browne of the F.O.: British comedy. Good. | Never Steal Anything Small: Labor-union musical comedy. Fair. |
| Compulsion: Crime drama. Good. | The Night Heaven Fell: Drama. Poor. |
| Count Your Blessings: Comedy. Fair. | A Night to Remember: True shipwreck drama. Excellent. |
| A Cry From the Streets: British drama re orphans. Fair. | The Perfect Furlough: Comedy. Good. |
| The Defiant Ones: Drama. Tops. | Pork Chop Hill: War drama. Good. |
| The Doctor's Dilemma: Edwardian satire by G.B.S. Fair. | Rockets Galore: British comedy. Good. |
| First Man Into Space: Horror. Fair. | Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent. |
| Floods of Fear: Drama. Fair. | Sea Fury: Action drama. Fair. |
| Gigi: Musical. Excellent. | Separate Tables: Drama. Good. |
| The Horse's Mouth: Comedy. Good. | The Shaggy Dog: Comic fantasy for children. Good. |
| Ice-Cold in Alex: British drama of war in desert. Good. | Smiles of a Summer Night: Comedy-drama from Sweden. Good. |
| Imitation of Life: Drama. Good. | Some Like It Hot: Comedy. Fair. |
| It Happened to Jane: Comedy. Good. | The Square Peg: Spy comedy. Fair. |
| I Want to Live!: Death-cell drama. Good. | These Thousand Hills: Western. Good. |
| I Was Monty's Double: True-life hoax thriller. Good. | The 39 Steps: Comedy thriller. Good. |
| The Journey: Cold War drama. Good. | Too Many Crooks: Comedy. Good. |
| | Tread Softly Stranger: Drama. Poor. |
| | Virgin Island: Romantic comedy. Fair. |

Canada at home...



Johnny gets a room "all his own" thanks to Jim Foster's foresight

A lick or two of paint and Jim will have the job done. It's the new room the Fosters have built on their home . . . "Johnny's room."

And Johnny is so proud of it, as only a six-year-old can be. Dorothy's eleven, Donna thirteen. And the story of their dad's building project goes back five years.

"I'd just landed a new job," Jim recalls "and we were being mighty cautious with our money. Luckily, we'd found a good buy in this bungalow. Just enough room, with Johnny still a baby. And by setting up a savings plan at Canada Permanent—the same people who handled our mortgage—we figured we could afford to add a room when we needed it."

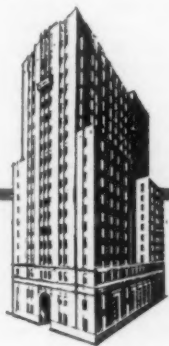


So "Johnny's room" became a part of the Fosters' future planning. Jim got on well at his new job, and their account at Canada Permanent grew steadily. Jim speeded it along by investing in Canada Permanent debentures regularly, to earn even higher interest. Now Johnny's room is finished and the Fosters' next project is a recreation room in the basement. "Regular savings are the best way I know to get the good things we want out of life!" says Jim.

Like Jim Foster, *you* will find it pays to make use of the savings facilities of your Canada Permanent office. A record of 104 years' experience in serving Canadians makes Canada Permanent a *sensible* place to save.

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Savour the refreshing taste of 'Black & White'. Enjoy the feeling of comfort and well-being that warms you. Here indeed is a Scotch Whisky to cherish!

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'Black & White' has a distinctive character and unvarying flavor. See what pleasure awaits you with 'Black & White' Scotch Whisky.

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The finest of individual Scotch Whiskies are blended with special care and skill by experts to bring you and your guests 'Black & White'. You will find the result magnificent. 'Black & White' is distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland. Comes in several sizes.

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Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
"BUCHANAN'S"

B-29M



The strangest millionaire who ever drew breath

Continued from page 25

1854, and it was as the son of this highly respected member of the community that William was brought up.

The family destined William to be a priest; instead of being sent to Stonyhurst school in Lancashire, England, like his two elder brothers, he served as an acolyte in the local Roman Catholic parish church. There, to his father's chagrin, the strong-willed young man developed an aversion to religion which he retained the rest of his life.

Furious, his father placed him as an apprentice in a general store at Charlottetown. His jobs were the most menial and the proud young Scot felt deeply humiliated. Documents in the library of Macdonald College relate that one day William knocked down a pile of breakable goods and was expected to make good the damage out of his salary of fifteen pounds a year. A manipulation of the funds in the till allowed him to do this suspiciously soon. The subsequent discovery resulted in his dismissal and he left the island on the worst possible terms with his father.

From the ages of sixteen to twenty he was a junior in various counting houses in Quebec City and Boston. He was often in penury, and his enforced thrift at this time colored his attitude toward money for the rest of his life.

But in the counting houses he laid the basis for future success. On top of his drive and ability, he developed meticulous attention to detail and the genius of his later years to provide so fully for almost any eventuality.

In 1849 William and his second brother, Augustine, sailed from Quebec for Boston. He was working in a counting house there when he wrote to his father, reproaching him for the treatment he had received and asking for money to ship as a sailor to California—for 1849 was Gold Rush year.

He did not get the money and only two years later, at the age of twenty, he was consigning goods from Boston to Halifax on his own account. He persuaded his eldest brother to open a store in Charlottetown in which he, William, would be the silent partner. A consignment of goods was dispatched to Charlottetown in the schooner *Responsible*, but she ran aground. Although some of the cargo was saved his brother considered it too soiled and, much to William's fury, he refused it.

The store venture was dropped. William paid a brief visit to New York but by 1852 he and Augustine were in business in Montreal as oil and commission merchants. Montreal was a jumble of untidy docks, dirty dark streets and one university with fewer than a hundred students. In this setting the young Scot's ambition hardened into a fierce determination. He spelled it out forcibly at the end of one of his letters of the time:

"I shan't stop until that signature is GOLD wherever it may go."

By 1854 when he was twenty-three, he and his brother were firmly established and their aging father, now president of the Legislative Council of Prince Edward Island, paid a surprise visit with their

youngest sister whom he was taking to the Ursuline Convent in Quebec. The reunion was a happy one—and only just in time, as their father died in Quebec City in early August, a victim of the cholera epidemic.

Before he died he wrote home to John Archibald, the eldest brother, that the Montreal firm's turnover was forty thousand dollars a year and that William and Augustine hoped to clear twenty thousand dollars in five years.

In 1858 Macdonald Brothers and Company, Tobacco Merchants, was founded in Montreal. The times were favorable because of the American Civil War; the brothers were not above a little smuggling across the border, and from the first the enterprise prospered.

In 1863 the brothers parted and two years later the name was changed to W. C. MacDonald, Tobacco Merchant and Manufacturer.

William was now thirty-four, small, with a trim beard streaked with red, fiery piercing blue eyes and as Scottish as the lochs and the wild heather. Claymore in hand, he might have been one of his robber ancestors raiding the more placid English. But he was in Canada and the booty was hard cash in the shape of profits from his tobacco.

"Tobacco with a heart"

In those days tobacco meant plug tobacco; the lumber camps, especially, were as much in need of tobacco as a modern army is. Hard tack, fat pork and molasses needed plug tobacco to complete the luxury of living.

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There was a spark for the imagination in one of those plugs of tobacco. Molasses-laden, gummy and black, it told the story of the tobacco plants growing like weeds, packed and baled and ported to the wharves of Montreal, into the warehouses of Macdonald, sorted, stripped, flavored, pressed and shaped ready for the case, the counter and the camp.

The "tobacco with a heart" sold lustily. William Macdonald was a millionaire at forty. He figured in fractions of a cent and the plantation owners in the south knew him as a hard buyer. He kept costs down: the minimum of staff, of machinery, of buildings. Everything was paid for in cash or with a marked cheque—no invoices, no accounting system to eat up money. And more important than the methods was the man, the slight but fiery figure of Macdonald himself, driving, directing, channeling, fixing recalcitrants with piercing blue eyes.

In 1869 he bought a fine house at 3 Prince of Wales Terrace, now part of Sherbrooke Street, and asked his mother and his sister Helen to live with him. To lure his mother from the more primitive Prince Edward Island, he wrote that the new house "even has indoor plumbing!" His next-door neighbor was Doctor, later Sir William, Peterson, principal of

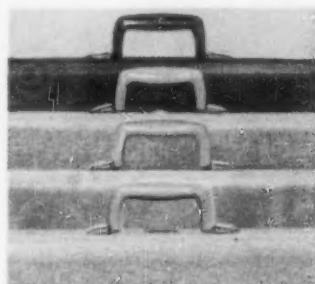
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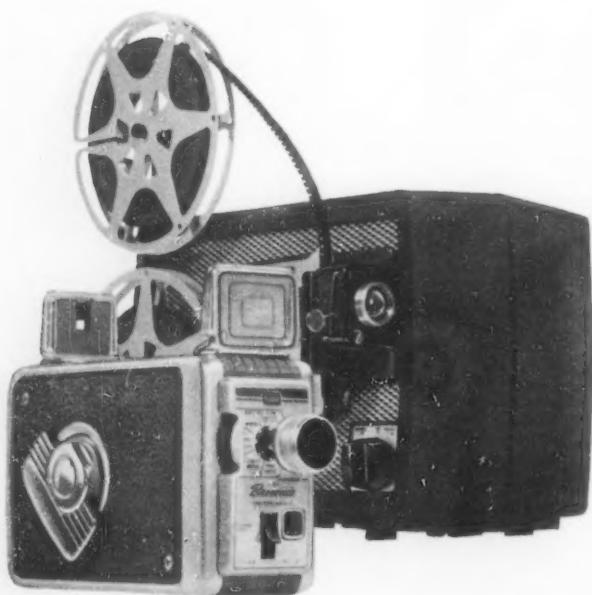
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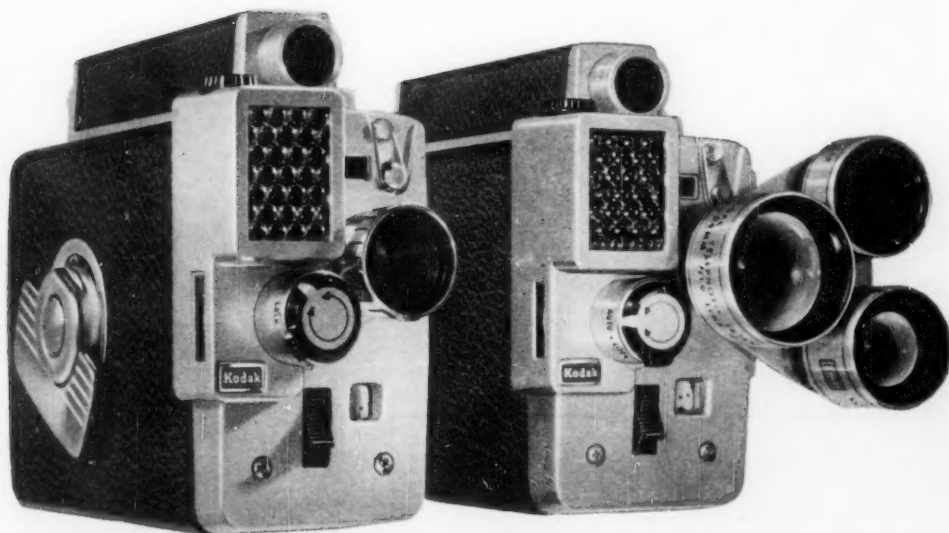
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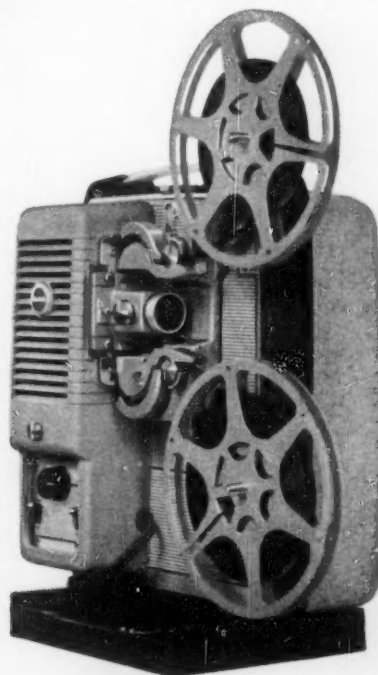
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McGill, and a firm friendship soon sprang up between them.

Until the last few years of his life Macdonald's office was a twelve-by-twelve room containing no more furniture than could be bought for fifty dollars. His private desk was the six-dollar deal table. On the wallpaper was the imprint of a workman's soiled hand. He would neither renovate nor buy new furniture. Nor would he have a telephone.

"You'd like well to let the public have me by the ear any time they wish, wouldn't you? Well, they'll not," he said, his eyes flashing and beard waving in indignation at the very suggestion, although he did agree some twenty years later to a private line between his office and the factory two miles away.

Keeping out of the public eye was almost a mania with Macdonald. He never gave interviews to the press; there was always a dour Scot as watchdog outside his office in Notre Dame Street to keep intruders away. He never publicized his charities. He wouldn't even advertise his tobacco.

"My goods advertise themselves," he used to say brusquely.

The tobacco baron's refusal to advertise may have been bound up with one of his strongest aversions: he hated cigarette smoking. Once, at Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph, he was looking over the site of the proposed institute and hall he was donating. The officials thought it would please him to see them smoke; wherever he went he saw human smokestacks. Dr. Mills, the president, heard him muttering something but did not understand until, opening a door, Macdonald was met with a smoke cloud and venomously exclaimed, "Bah," and shut the door, "I wanted to go into that office, but the vile stuff and the stupidity of the users! Let's go somewhere clean."

His one pastime was reading; in his library there were books (mostly classics like Dickens) and magazines piled on shelves, tables, and even on all the available chairs. Dressed in his habitual coat of black broadcloth, squidgy black bow loose under a negligent collar, glasses over his sharp nose, he would stand up at a lectern reading for hours at a time. Lord Strathcona and Sir William Van Horne, the founders of the CPR, once tried to interest him in paintings. It was no use. There was no reality in pictures, only in books.

He drove to work in an overcoat that had once been grey but, like everything he had, gradually turned green. He always had a muffler at his chin as he clattered away in his rickety gig to the old offices in Notre Dame, a few steps away from the Bank of Montreal, in which he was the largest shareholder.

Up the creaking staircase he went, into rooms that would have given the blues to any but a man who cared nothing for mere comfort or decoration, all for business.

He never married, nor even, as far as anyone knows, contemplated marriage. Perhaps the basis for his fierceness was an incredible shyness; perhaps all his energies were already channeled into his beloved business.

Macdonald turned down all outside directorships except two, that of the Bank of Montreal, to which the government of Lower Canada account was transferred in 1864, and the Royal Trust. In his own company everything from the smallest operation up was under his personal control.

His friend Sir William Peterson described Macdonald at the peak of his wealth and power:

"He was never known to subscribe to the funds of a political campaign, in society he had no ambitions and was never a drawing-room figure. He never hankered to be high up in the cabals of those who instruct cabinets and premiers. He lived much unto himself, a terribly practical man of no visionary ideas, no convictions about the best means of saving the country from this, that, or the other. Here was a man whose word was law, whose personality was bigger than a system, who in public or private life was never known to warp himself one iota to please anyone merely for the sake of pleasing. Hardship only could have produced such a personality. He never could have inherited wealth. He must make it and dispense it."

Macdonald's contributions to education were formidable. He founded Montreal's Rural and Consolidated Schools, which by bringing in more students from a wider radius could raise the standard of teaching, as a larger school could afford a better teacher. He built the McGill union building, the engineering and science buildings at McGill, and erected the vast Macdonald College which is still one of the finest agricultural colleges in Canada.

In 1898 Queen Victoria made him a knight. At first he tried to decline but when he heard that many of his best friends were behind the offer and that he could not withdraw without giving offense, he accepted. From this time on he signed his name Sir William Macdonald in one word with a lower-case "d."

Despite all Sir William's good works, his bad relations with his family still stain his memory. When his mother, and then his sister Helen died, his eldest niece, Anna Rebecca, came to keep his house. She was both lovely and intelligent. Sir William grew devoted to her; this makes

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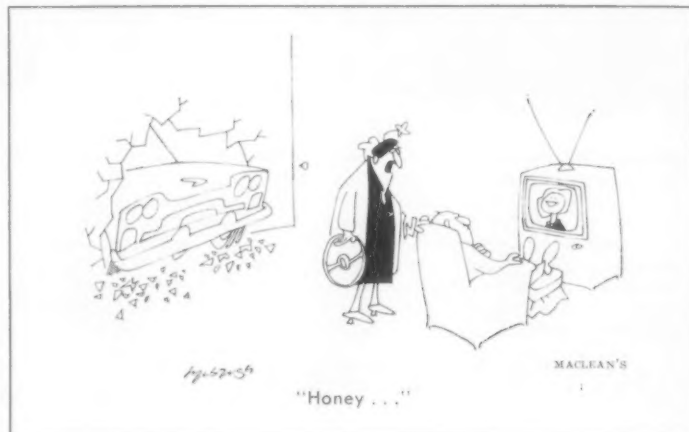
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his subsequent behavior all the less explicable.

In 1894 Anna Rebecca married Alain Chartier MacDonald, a cousin, against Sir William's wishes. The break was absolute. Sir William not only refused to have her in his house again but never gave another penny to his brother's family. Sir William was in an agony of spirit afterward; he paced the house in a passion of resentment and grief.

He was as unforgiving to other members of his family. He once bought a stocked farm on Prince Edward Island for a nephew. That autumn the nephew came to borrow money to buy hay.

Sir William looked at him. "Sell that farm," he said. There was no reprieve.

Again his brother Augustine was jailed in the U.S. on a charge of smuggling. Reports of this are vague. The first time the court ruled in Augustine's favor but an appeal to a higher court convicted him. He was fined a large sum of money and sent to jail from 1879 to 1885 on his refusal to pay. What is clear is that Montreal society at that time was very shocked at what it considered William's willful refusal to lift a finger to help his brother.

Yet his generosity to women could be fabulous. He once showed a visitor, a recently married cousin visiting him with her husband, through the finest jewelry store in Montreal, asking her afterward what was the most beautiful thing she had seen. She mentioned a certain necklace.

When she returned to his house for dinner that night the necklace was on her plate.

To another visiting relative he said, "There are some pictures in the top drawer of that cupboard I would like you to have."

Opening the drawer, she protested that there were no pictures but only some bank notes of a very large denomination.

"Well," he said, smiling, "that is just my little joke. The bank notes are for you." He had a great affection for his family—so long, that is, as they did not cross his will.

His acts of kindness were numberless. Mrs. Muldrew, warden of the women's residence at Macdonald College, relates that Macdonald once came to her and said, "There is a girl here as a student whose mother used to do considerable work in my home. I want you to find out

My most memorable meal: No. 49

Jack Karr

tells about



Savoy delicacies for a Channel boatman

In the summer of 1951, Winnie Roach Leuszler, the Toronto swimmer, was preparing to become the first Canadian woman to conquer the English Channel. In England to cover her victory every inch of the way, for the Toronto Star, were Photographer Norman James and I. While Winnie churned her way through the choppy channel, James and I would have the rugged "comfort" of her accompanying boat, a fishing craft which smelled strongly of generations of elderly, deceased cod. Our preparations were almost as elaborate as Winnie's. Warned by a week of cold, miserable weather and fearing a bone-chilling day in an open boat, we outfitted ourselves with long winter underwear, woolen socks, sweaters and overalls, although the month was August.

But the problem of food was a big one. Mrs. Leuszler might exist through the day on corn syrup and Pabulum, but the inner man aboard the boat must be fed something more substantial. At the time we were staying at the stately Savoy Hotel in London. Would the Savoy

care to pack us a picnic lunch? The Savoy raised its eyebrows as only the Savoy can, but shortly a waiter appeared at our door with a hamper of meticulously packaged delicacies, including some bottles of Danish beer, and we were off to Dover and thence across the channel to Cap Gris Nez where the swim was to start.

The day was long and—surprisingly—hot. James and I, little by little, peeled off our sweaters, overalls and socks as Winnie plunged on toward the English shore. But the heat, the clinging aroma of fish and the sight of Mrs. Leuszler stroking her exhausting course, broken only by her corn-syrup feedings, left us completely without appetite. The beer, now as warm as the day itself, was good for our parched lips. But the Savoy's dainties—smoked salmon, jellied prawn, neatly trimmed breast-of-chicken sandwiches and petits fours—went untouched. Until, that is, they were taken in charge by the boatman at the tiller, curling a pinkie in mock gentility and grinning, as he ate, over the soft ways of landlubbers.

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what her name is and if her mother needs anything." Macdonald later helped the girl generously—and anonymously.

This was not an isolated case but a consistent pattern he followed. The only thing he demanded was that the gifts remain completely anonymous. A talented violinist, a girl with a promising voice, anyone he thought had talent he helped to the best of his ability.

He had great civic pride. When he heard that Montreal would not pay for general vaccination in the smallpox epidemic of 1885 he donated twenty-five thousand dollars to the project. When a newspaper brought about a civic investigation involving charges of bribery against the police, he sent funds without restriction.

A girl in his tobacco factory was injured. On the advice of a lawyer the mother made an excessive claim and refused an offer for two thirds of it. Sir William contested the suit and won judgment denying the claim. Some time later he sent for the girl and arranged periodical payments equivalent to the amount he originally offered.

But it is the tales of his personal frugality, with all his millions, that stick. "In that sharp-lined eagle-eyed face," wrote Augustus Bridle of the Toronto Star in a sketch of Sir William, "could be seen the lines of the ancient proverb, 'Waste not, want not.'"

In his old age Sir William called on a furrier and asked whether a fur coat as warm as the one he was wearing, but lighter, was obtainable. The furrier brought out one that suited the millionaire perfectly. But when a price of a thousand dollars was mentioned, he quickly said, "On second thoughts I have decided to continue to wear my old coat." Putting it on, he hurried out of the shop.

He once sat at Mrs. Muldrew's table at Macdonald College. He refused tea and drank milk. He then refused butter on his bread, saying, "Thank you, but I do not need butter when I drink milk."

A doctor who attended Macdonald during an illness wrote, "I found him sleeping in an old iron bed in a small third-floor room devoid of all decoration—not even a picture on the wall—and furnished with only a bureau and two chairs. He certainly looked the picture of misery in that room."

Nor did he believe in too much comfort for others, especially professors. When Dr. Tait McKenzie, the eminent sculptor who was medical director of McGill's physical-education department, was offered a job at the University of Pennsylvania at an increase of one thousand dollars, Macdonald was asked to provide a raise to keep him at McGill.

"Indeed I will not," Macdonald exploded. "Professors will be giving dinner parties if they get such high salaries! Don't forget there are just as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

For a long time Macdonald bought his eggs from Fred Elford of the poultry department at Macdonald College. He always paid for them personally, the exact change being tied up in a handkerchief which he would undo to count out the coins one by one.

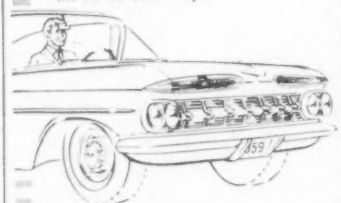
But the day came when he arrived at the poultry building and told Elford, "I have had to stop taking eggs from you. I find I can get them for two cents a dozen less in Montreal."

Although he gave lavishly to charity, Macdonald gave only on his own terms. Once a Methodist church in Montreal sent a committee member to see him. In the bare office the Methodist began to tell his story, gaining confidence as he went along. His final remark was that a Methodist customer of Macdonald's



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was a delegate to the conference and added his pleas to his own.

Macdonald had listened quietly. Suddenly his blue eyes gleamed. He called the clerk. "Find out," he said rapidly, "what the account of Mr. — is with the firm."

The caller waited, far more confident, as he knew the delegate's yearly account was very large. The clerk replied with the figures.

But instead of reaching for his cheque book to make a donation, Macdonald rapped out fiercely, "Write Mr. — that his account is now closed with us forthwith."

The clerk gasped with astonishment. "See that the account is closed," repeated Macdonald. "Mr. — can't use his connection with this business to hold it up for a donation to any cause, no matter if it is a church."

As well as a quick temper Macdonald had a turn of satirical wit. Once a young man was being shown out of his office when a friend came in.

"Did you see that young man?" Macdonald asked. "He was a very nice, a very kind young man. He offered me a wonderful opportunity to invest in an enterprise that was going to yield ten percent. I could not refrain from telling him that he should have gone to those who needed ten percent, rather than to me who am content with four percent." And as he told the story he rubbed his hands with glee.

When the cost of Macdonald College was proving so much higher than the estimate, Dr. Robertson, the school's first principal, recommended some economies in building materials, among them something cheaper than the marble that had been originally specified for partitions between the lavatories.

When the principal had finished speaking the millionaire fixed him with a stony stare. "More young men have been corrupted by what they have seen written on lavatory walls than many of us imagine," he said. "Writing on marble is easily effaced."

"Leave it marble!" he thundered.

In the closing years of his life people expected something out of the ordinary from Sir William Macdonald. He complied.

To test the guarantee of the contractors that the new buildings at Macdonald College were fireproof, when the bursar's office was ready he had wood shavings put on the floor and kerosene poured on them.

While fire engines stood ready outside he applied the match personally. The fire scorched the doors and slightly warped a steel beam in the ceiling but expired without the help of the local fire service.

On another occasion he stubbed his toe on the wooden walk that then led from Sherbrooke to McGill. He asked for an estimate for concrete walks by four o'clock the same afternoon. Promptly at four he wrote out a cheque for four thousand dollars. The work was completed for less and the college sent him back a cheque for two hundred dollars.

No more was heard until the next meeting of the board of governors when Macdonald announced, to the dismay of his colleagues, that he had recently received a decided shock in his relations with the university. Asked to explain, he said, "I have made many payments to this institution, but have never expected to receive money from it. Now this cheque for two hundred dollars has been sent me because a piece of work was accomplished for less than was estimated. So rare an occurrence deserves to be mentioned here."

With his death in 1917 came the end

of an era. Such men as Macdonald belong to the pioneering days of a nation. Already the close-fisted hard-headed little Scot is blurring into the legend of the parsimonious philanthropist. But Percy Nobbs, a well-known Montreal architect, is one of the few people still living who knew Macdonald well. From the stories he tells one wonders how far behind those fierce blue eyes lurked the smile—whether the man himself did not conscientiously add gloss to the legend.

One spring Sunday Percy Nobbs, a young man thrilled to get his first big

job, called on Sir William to discuss the plans for the Union Building at McGill University. To his surprise Sir William agreed to substitute stone for brick throughout, involving a greatly increased cost.

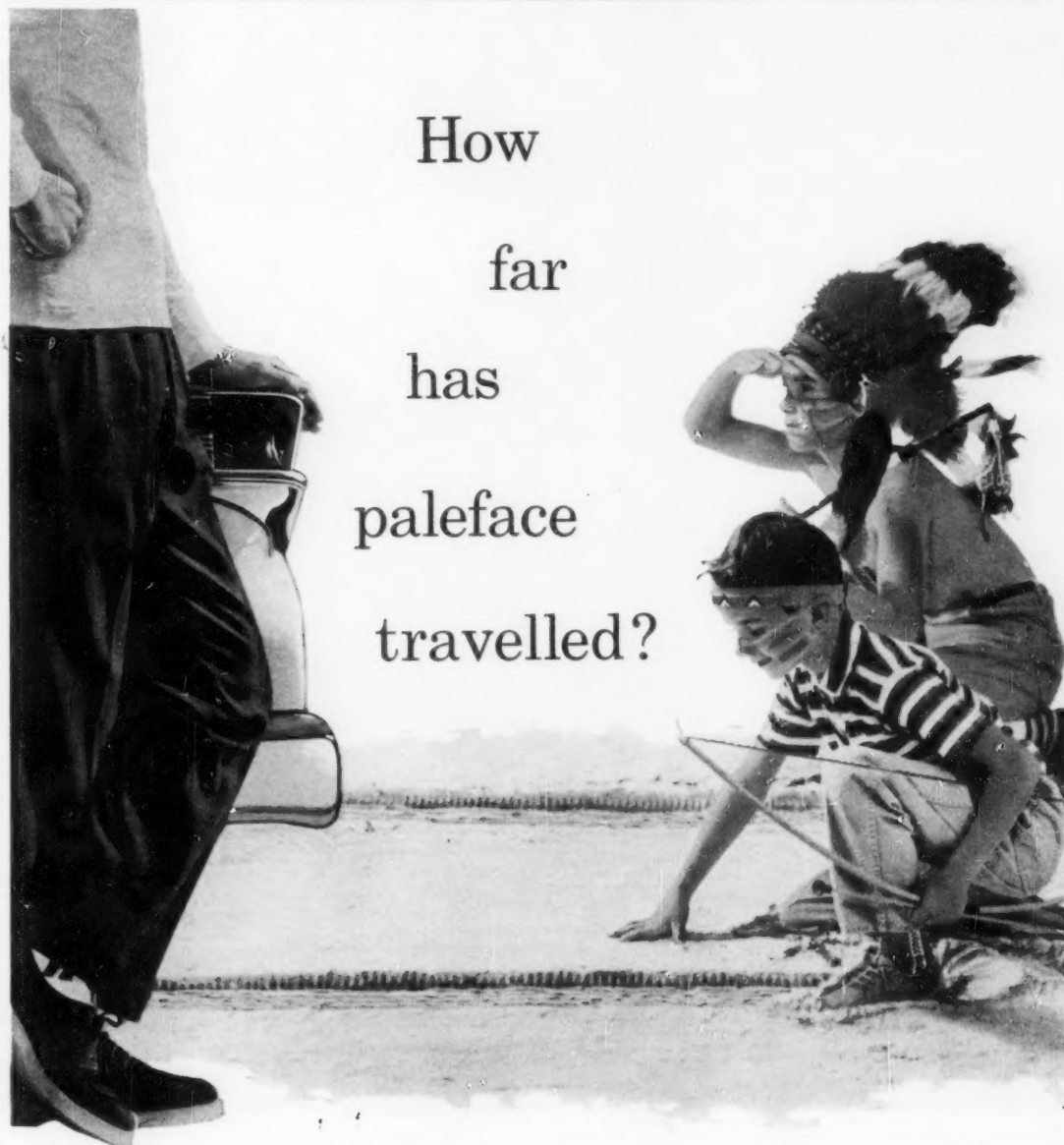
They had tea and when Nobbs got up to go it was raining. Seeing this, Sir William insisted on wrapping up the plans, and brought from a cabinet neatly folded wrapping paper and a number of pieces of old string.

Noting the architect's astonishment at this mixture of extreme generosity and

parsimony, the millionaire explained with a chuckle: "Mr. Greenshields collects Dutch daubs, Sir William Van Horne collects Japanese snuff boxes, but after a visit from you, all I can afford to collect is string." Then, turning a piercing look on the young man, he said, "And what do you collect?"

"Being interested in Greek coins," recalls Dr. Nobbs, "I murmured, 'Coins, Sir William.'"

"Coins," echoed the rich bachelor with sparkling eyes. "Yes, so do I! So do I! So do I!" ★



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(from “CANADA: TOMORROW'S GIANT” by Bruce Hutchison
Longmans, Green & Company)



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**THE
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The strange and savage world of Hollywood continued from page 21

"I felt like an intruder at the blood rites of barbarous idolators"

fection that Mr. Tashlin could contrive.

Why should all his intellectual resources and lifetime of experience, all the commercial resources of a great industry and all the talent of its artists be lavished on a scene not worth a nickel as art? Because, of course, it was worth millions of nickels in commerce. And to make it commercial a high degree of art was needed.

Never in history, I reflected, had so much pure art gone into pure commerce to satisfy so many inartistic customers; never so much brain power used to distract the multitude from thought; and never so much unreality dressed up to look real until its creators believed in their own make-believe. So they must if the customers are to believe it.

Yet the waste of time, talent and money shocked me. I protested that Miss Reynolds' voice sounded great, she danced well, the words of her song were amusing and the dumb-blond expression on her rather homely face was just right. "Not good enough," Mr. Tashlin replied. "She can do it better. She can put more into it."

So the whole machine was stalled once more, as it had been stalled repeatedly all morning, while Miss Reynolds and Mr. Wagner, like a pair of beginners on Amateur Night, sang the song over and over again to each other with no trace of self-consciousness, with only a determined, workmanlike concentration on the job. They must have loathed each other by this time.

Mr. Bing Crosby, cast as a Catholic priest, in civilian disguise, sat at a table among the extras, as he had sat all morning, the very image of hideous boredom. I could think of no more disagreeable way to make a living, even Mr. Crosby's not inconsiderable living, and no more depressing environment for an artist.

The sound stage was a dark and empty warehouse save for a small patch of light and the flimsy replica of a cabaret, which looked like cardboard now but would look real enough on film. I felt like an intruder who watches some ghastly blood rites in the cavern of barbarous idolators, but actually the idolators would assemble in another cavern, the movie theatre. Meanwhile Miss Reynolds was certainly undergoing a form of human sacrifice.

"I want them to finish it before lunch," said Mr. Tashlin. "If they don't, it'll be an unhappy lunch for all of us."

When I left the sound stage the mechanics were grimly watching the two stars put on their stage smiles like Halloween masks to resume their synthetic abandon. The iceberg and the motion picture, I began to realize, hide most of their bulk below the surface.

Why, I wondered, will actors gladly work harder than day laborers? And why does most of Hollywood live, as any visitor can see, in a state of tension, insecurity and gnawing fear under its bright makeup and public grin? Because, of course, the actor's business is the most precarious of these precarious times. He must be good to endure the fiercest competition known in the North American economic system.

As a motion picture executive put it to me: "In this town you are only as good as your last picture. Even a big star can't survive many flops at the box office. The rate of casualty is appalling.

But the public hears little of that. It hardly notices that some star who was around yesterday just isn't around any more."

Few visitors are admitted to any sound stage nowadays but the managers of Twentieth Century-Fox — as nice and intelligent a group of men as you could ever hope to meet — had provided their best red-carpet treatment for our party. That was solely a tribute to their old friend — my sponsor, James H. Richardson, the veteran Los Angeles editor.

No part of that teeming lot being closed to us, we moved on, with our wives, to another sound stage where an even more painful job of work was in progress — a surgical job.

The uniformed guard standing inside the door peered out suspiciously through a narrow glass peephole. A big red light flashed on and off beside him. Even the executive who accompanied us could not enter until the light stopped flashing and then only after he had presented a pass which the guard examined with care and noted down in a ledger.

As we stumbled through the darkness a plain but healthy-looking lady in a mink coat passed us hurriedly on the way to her dressing room. I vaguely recognized the face of Gigi, older than it had appeared on film and a little distraught.

A moment later we were observing an operating room and Mr. Henry Fonda prostrate on a steel table, his head encased in a white plaster cast, his body covered by a hospital gown.

Mr. Nunnally Johnson, the famous director and also the writer of *The Man Who Understood Women*, coached Mr. Fonda in an undertone. Elderly and

dignified in sports coat and flannels, Mr. Johnson did not seem worried about anything. His spectacles were thrust up on his forehead, he smoked a cigarette, chewed a peppermint drop and spoke in a whisper.

Satisfied that Mr. Fonda knew his part, the director stepped back to the camera and blew a whistle, whereupon everyone fell silent and Miss Leslie Caron, no longer Gigi but a grown woman, walked lightly into the operating room and approached the table on tiptoe.

Her words of love to Mr. Fonda were enough to make anyone cry. They made her cry anyhow. I saw the glistening moisture around her luminous eyes.

Mr. Fonda's weak reply (he had just fallen off a Mediterranean cliff) was gallant and affecting. He recalled, in lines that only a master like Mr. Johnson could have written, the mess of his life and his hope of spending the rest of it, with Miss Caron, in a vine-covered cottage somewhere in the Deep South.

The scene was heart-breaking but I didn't want to cry. I wanted to sneeze and that was worse. For if I had sneezed at that moment into the sound track the whole take would have been ruined at huge loss of money.

Pressing a handkerchief to my nose, I slunk silently into the remote shadows behind a hundred-foot, painted backdrop of the Riviera. From my memory of the place, it seemed highly authentic. There I sneezed quietly at the Mediterranean, without damage.

Mr. Johnson was not satisfied with the first take. Miss Caron, having applied more glycerine to her eyes, entered the operating room again. Mr. Fonda repeated his repentance and Mr. Johnson swal-

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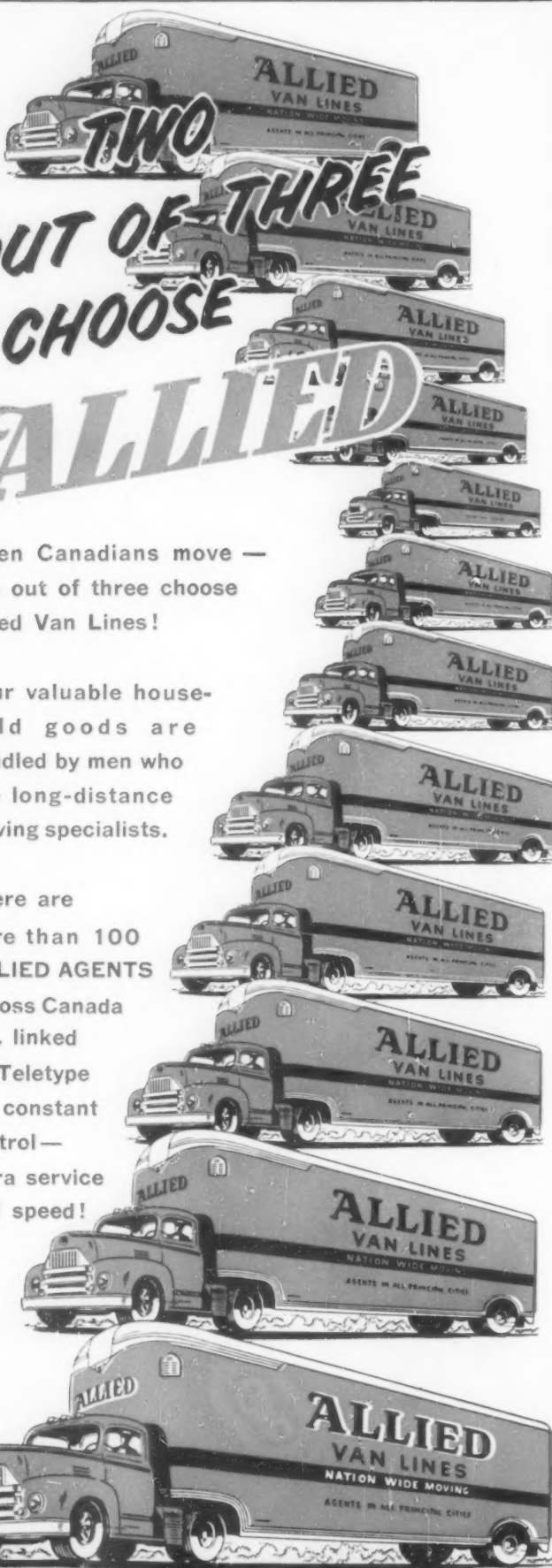
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lowed another peppermint, presumably in sign of his displeasure. He ordered another take after Miss Caron had removed surplus glycerine with tissue paper. But this time, just as she was pouring out her affection for the patient, a fly settled on her nose and spoiled everything.

I couldn't bear to watch this pathetic episode any longer and, since it seemed rude to question the actors after such an ordeal, I suppressed my curiosity until we found ourselves on another sound stage, beside a log cabin, in the Canadian north.

Outside the cabin some real poplar and spruce trees had been anchored somehow to the floor and behind them more trees were painted on canvas. Miss Susan Hayward's stand-in, a lady with red hair, was lying in bed and knitting to pass the time while the camera crew adjusted their equipment.

"This picture's called *Woman Obsessed*," an official informed me. "The woman's Hayward, see, and there's a guy, see, a lumberjack, comes along up north—we were on location at Great Bear Lake last month and was it cold—and her son, he's a boy of fifteen, see, gets jealous of the guy and his mother, see? It's complicated. You know, psychological. Good for Hayward. She's an actress."

As I was pondering this intricate psychology Miss Hayward herself happened by—a trim and tiny person in a yellow dressing gown—and I was introduced to her. She struck me as a lady by the old-fashioned definition.

These introductions of visiting firemen must be a horrid nuisance to stars like Miss Hayward, but she greeted me with every sign of interest, being an accomplished actress. Then, as the ritual requires, we were posed beside a shabby cubicle, her dressing room, for a still picture. The seasoned trouper asked me to stand on her right so that only the left side of her hair would show in the photograph. The right side, she said, needed combing. Again, make-believe and perfection.

Now was my chance, but a brief one, to ask her how, in these dismal surroundings, with no spectators but the camera crew, no audience to inspire her and nothing but a minor incident wrenched out of the script, she could impersonate a *Woman Obsessed*.

"I always think," she said, "of the person I'm representing. I try to be that person. I don't think of anything else. The cameras, the director and the rest of it, they're none of my business. I am the person."

She smiled sweetly as if it were all easy. I wanted to ask her more about this disembodied and most difficult form of acting but at that moment she was called back to the Canadian north and we moved to another sound stage where Mr. Clifton Webb was at leisure.

He received me in his dressing room with almost embarrassing cordiality, made me sit down on a chesterfield and insisted that he had all the time in the world. A set, a director and a camera crew were awaiting him anxiously somewhere in the outer darkness to complete *Holiday for Lovers*.

Mr. Webb wore a blue silk robe protected from grease paint at the neck by a band of tissue paper. He looked exactly like his public counterpart, the aging pixie, and he spoke, off stage, in that same crisp, half-British, immaculate accent which is the trademark of his films. I liked him at once. If he was acting off stage as on, the act had become a part of him. The make-believe had hardened into reality. Here was an authentic old



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pro, a cold, brilliant intellect and a lifetime of study applied to tragedy or comedy, or even to visitors, as occasion demanded.

He lit a cigarette and relaxed in an armchair beside a blazing mirror to which he had pasted a faded Valentine card. Its legend was pleasant and accurate: "You're Thweet." I thought he was sweet, too, under the world-weary look.

"I love Hollywood," Mr. Webb affirmed emphatically in that familiar, impeccable voice. "I've no time for knockers who come here for a few months and go away sour. Hollywood has treated me very well. Oh, yes, I like the stage, of course. Spent most of my life on it, you know. And I'd like to go back to Broadway if I could be sure of a short run but I'm too lucky. My runs were always long, till I was sick of them, and you can't quit when the money keeps pouring in. You have to consider your backers."

I could understand how an actor did his best work in a theatre, before an audience, in a complete play of two hours progressing logically from start to climax. There make-believe would become believable to its maker. But how, I asked, could Mr. Webb feel his role when it was acted in dismembered, unrelated segments over a period of a month or more, with no audience, no sense of denouement, only some cardboard scenery in a dingy barn?

"You get used to it," said Mr. Webb. "You forget your surroundings completely. You concentrate on the part and the moment. Everything else is excluded. That's not a difficult trick most of the time. It's not so easy with comic stuff, though. In the theatre you can gauge your jokes by the reaction of the audience, changing them a little, improving them, from night to night. Here you have nothing to judge them by except the reaction of the camera crews and the grips—stage hands, you know."

"Sometimes," he admitted, "I'm not satisfied with the rushes and they let me dub in new lines. They're always very kind out here. Yes, it's a weary business now and then, but not as weary as a long run on Broadway. There nothing changes. Here you're up against something new every day. I like it."

I asked him whether he followed The Method as they call the esoteric, soul-deep school of acting invented in Russia and now widely used in America.

"You mean," said Mr. Webb, with a disparaging gesture of his delicate white hand, "the theory that an actor should try to think of himself as some kind of psychological problem and project it subconsciously anyway he likes? They tell me The Method actors can even make themselves feel like a whale or a jelly fish. That's fine for them, but not for me. I have to do it my own way—consciously."

His own way, he thought, was the result of his long experience as a singer and dancer. "I guess," he added, "that gave me a certain sense of rhythm. Who knows?"

Nobody knows, of course, as I was to discover by more inquiry, but as I prepared to press Mr. Webb further his immediate attendance was required before a huge screen on which a motion picture of a race-track crowd was being projected as in a theatre. Photographed against this picture, Mr. Webb would appear on film as one man among a shouting multitude. He apologized for the interruption, ushered me ceremoniously to the door and, removing the tissue paper, patted some makeup on his throat.

The executive then took us to see the newest and most financially promising of



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Hollywood's offspring. In yet another barn Mr. Raymond Burr, a handsome young giant from New Westminster, B.C., was putting the distinguished detective, Mr. Perry Mason, on film for television. He had just finished a scene laid in a barroom and was about to begin another laid outside a dressing room. Television, on its pathetically small budget, cannot afford delays.

For an entire show the director, Mr. William Russell, is allowed a scant six days as against the six weeks' shooting of a theatrical motion picture. Mr. Burr,

still painted a dull pink and winded by his last scene, told me he had made thirty-nine installments of the Mason saga last year and would be lucky this year to get three weeks of vacation with his folks in New Westminster, whereas a motion picture actor, making two pictures a year, may rest for nine months.

Despite its difficulties and far from perfect product, Mr. Burr was proud of his craft. An educated, earnest man, he took me aside from the litter of the barroom set to emphasize the integrity, as he called it, of the Mason series. He

regarded his job as a grave social responsibility.

It was essential, he said, that the procedures and atmosphere of the courtroom, where the legendary lawyer-detective operates, be as authentic as study could make them. The process of American justice must never be misrepresented—however improbable the plot—lest public confidence in the courts be undermined. Hence Mr. Burr spent his days before the camera and his nights over scripts and books of law.

Mr. Russell, a large, friendly and like-

able man, quite unruffled like all good directors, said he rather preferred television to ordinary motion pictures. He had no time for perfection but every day brought something new, a change of pace, the spice of variety.

After the customary photographs of the visiting firemen had been shot, I was introduced to Della Street, Mr. Mason's long-suffering secretary, who is always trying to marry her boss but has remained a spinster for many fictional decades.

In real life Miss Street is Miss Barbara Hale, or at any rate that is her professional name and she is the facsimile of the wholesome, athletic American girl. It seemed too bad, she said, that Mr. Mason's secretary never managed to capture him but that was the story line and not her affair. She hurried away to look after her children at home, having managed, off stage, to achieve Miss Street's frustrated ambition.

In her absence from the sound stage Mr. Russell whisked Mr. Burr off to a corner and there, after one hasty rehearsal, shot a scene of him talking to an obscure character at the door of a dressing room, for what purpose I couldn't imagine. It was all over in less than five minutes.

In television, as one of its assistants informed me, they don't want it good, they want it Tuesday. This disparagement was unfair, since a TV show like the Mason series is amazingly good, considering its financial limitations and will improve as more money is put into it.

A wiser man, who wrote scripts, assured me that television, while it seemed so new, was really quite ancient.

"It's only the old-time medicine show in modern guise," he explained. "Instead of a fellow in a top hat, an Indian in feathers and a bum with a guitar selling snake oil, now we have a Perry Mason selling anything the advertisers specify."

This also seemed unfair to Mr. Burr, a fine actor. Anyhow, after the flimsy, inside sets, the back lot of Twentieth Century-Fox, though nothing but a more elaborate make-believe, looked like stark and solid reality.

It took a full hour merely to drive between the bulging warehouses of scenery and props of every conceivable sort, the French village complete with running stream, stone bridge and growing willow trees, the cowtown burned to the ground last week for a Western spectacle, the railroad siding, locomotive and old-fashioned Pullman car, the English village of Elizabethan architecture, the New York street of brownstone houses, the German suburb recently bombed, the southern mansion spruced up for one picture and then smeared with decay for another, the three huge concrete tanks in which ships are frequently sunk at sea, the southern swamp, the African jungle, the nursery of trees and shrubs of every species all set in moveable tubs, the prairie road so carefully rutted by a hose that our car stuck in the mud.

The whole world and all its contents were in that back lot or could be quickly reared up there by the innumerable designers, carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers and painters. Everything looked as substantial as life until you turned a corner and saw that there was nothing behind the front walls. Once a picture is finished the set is left untouched in the hope that it can be refurbished and used again some day by technicians who can study an architect's plan and figure the cost of an earthquake, a cyclone or a battle, to the last dollar.

As if Twentieth Century-Fox had not already crowded enough of the world into its backyard, the sense of reality is finally confirmed by actual oil wells



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pumping oil from the earth as a profitable studio sideline.

By the time we had finished this inspection and bade our hosts farewell the working day was over, the whole lot silent and deserted, all the iron gates locked. We wandered from gate to gate, half expecting to spend the night in captivity, until at last we found a helpful guard. He let us out after he had examined our passes.

That night I met James Cagney, who turned out to be one of the most attractive men I had ever encountered, certainly the most amusing. The tough guy, singer and hooper you have seen so often on the screen is, in life, a quiet, modest, almost bashful person whom you would never recognize as an actor if you didn't know that granitic face.

Accompanied, as always, by his charming little wife, whom he married in their early vaudeville days and now calls "Bill," Mr. Cagney arrived for dinner at the Richardson home, greeted me diffidently and withdrew silently into a corner as if company alarmed him. But something unspoken but palpable and more communicative than words seemed to flow out of him—the unconscious power of projection, I suppose, which makes him an actor by birth and training.

It was only when I began to badger him with a reporter's ruthless curiosity that he became the bristling, electric creature of the screen. He would touch no alcohol but after a good dinner (relaxing his strict diet for the evening) he warmed up to give us a private performance better than anything I had ever seen him do in motion pictures. I shall not attempt to describe it, for it was indescribable.

I can only tell you that without props, costume or makeup, with only a change of expression and accent, he could be in one moment a dignified statesman, in the next a half-witted dowager, or an Indian warrior or a doddering professor, as the feelings of his characters, tragic or comic, passed across his face like ripples on a pond. Every motion of his hands, every twist of his body, had something to say.

He didn't like showing off, however, and as quickly as he could, switched the talk to farming, his real interest. Here he revealed an expert's knowledge of soil, crops and cattle and an urgent concern with the problems of conservation. These he had studied deeply in books and on the three farms where he lives most of the year in overalls.

Like all the other actors, he was at a loss to explain his art. One negative point was clear, though: he had no use for The Method. It might work for others but not for him. He tried to explain his own method but for once communication failed him, since he was no longer acting. He could only deny, so far as he was personally concerned, that acting came from within.

No, he didn't necessarily feel any of the emotions registered by his face, accent and gesture. What concerned him was the external effect on the audience. He was aware of the audience all the time and how he affected it; aware, for example, that on the screen any role must be under-played, as it was over-played on the stage, because the camera close-up caught even the most minute change of expression and the sound apparatus recorded every inflection of tone. The net result, he said in a telling phrase, was "artificially natural," and he added the final dictum of an old pro: "Even an actor's ears must work." His own worked all right.

As Mr. and Mrs. Cagney drove home at two a.m., I concluded that it was useless to pursue my enquiries in the field

of actor's magic and turned instead to the writer's magic on which all actors and the whole industry of Hollywood absolutely depend.

You can't imagine the agony that goes into a movie or television script until you have witnessed its birth. I saw it while living for a week with a successful writer and old hand, who told me an illuminating story of his apprentice days.

After working for three months on the same script, with two fellow writers whom he was never allowed to see, he noticed for the first time a sign near his

office. It read: "Talent Department."

"Just think!" my friend said more in sorrow than in anger. "They called it the Talent Department as if we writers were just another item in a supermarket like gents' furnishings or kitchenware. Talent! Good God, we were just mechanics trying to put a broken machine together."

"After I got to meet my collaborators by mere chance in a restaurant, we put the machine together in a fashion but it fell to pieces on the screen. I looked at that sign again and started to laugh until I cried and then I threw up and then I

resigned. There were thirteen writers in our crowd. Twelve of them died before they were fifty years old."

The survivor worked now in the peace of his home, far from Hollywood, but he worked as hard as ever. While I lolled on a sunny patio I could hear him hammering his typewriter upstairs and trying his written lines aloud to test their ring.

"And you call that love!" he shouted in a woman's falsetto voice. Then, in a harsh male tone: "No, I call it farce, my sweet!" Five minutes later the air was rent by a piercing shout: "Kill him."



Original painting by Rex Woods from the Confederation Life collection of Historical Canadian Scenes.

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CAPT. WILLIAM TWISS, Royal Engineers, was a hard man to stop. In 1778, alarmed by the terrible loss of lives and supplies on the St. Lawrence, Governor-in-Chief Haldimand ordered him to "find a safe route past the rapids or colonists will not venture into the interior of Canada!"

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The Cedars, Cascades and Coteau du Lac rapids, between lakes St. Louis and St. Francis, turned the silver-blue St. Lawrence into a foaming passage to peril. Jagged rocks bared their broken teeth in a grimacing invitation to disaster. Dangerous for canoes, the rapids meant almost certain death for settlers in their clumsy "batteaux"!

But Capt. Twiss was a hard man to stop.



With a crew of former Cornish miners, he dug into the rocky shoreline and stripped from it a sliver of stone 7 feet wide and 2½ feet deep. Capt. Twiss strung a chain of tiny locks along this canal to lift the heavy "batteaux" and carry them safely on their way to Canada's interior.

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kill him!" And presently I heard a solemn voice announce: "We find the prisoner guilty."

I crept upstairs to the writer's disorderly workroom and found him pacing up and down in his shirtsleeves, gesticulating violently and muttering to himself.

"That's it!" he suddenly cried and rushed to his typewriter. The inspiration must be set down before he lost it.

When he emerged at lunch time, white and shaky, I asked him to show me a completed script. He gave me several to read but I could make no sense of them.

They were just a mass of meaningless dialogue and technical stage directions. Somehow a director had taken such a sterile blueprint and turned it into comedy or tragedy. Actors had brought the lines to life—only because the writer had put the stuff of life into them. No audience had suspected its origins in a dark upstairs room full of one man's secret blood, sweat and tears.

Actually the origins of any motion picture are hard to find for often the writers themselves cannot remember them. A story idea may spring up anywhere, any

time, in the least likely circumstances.

Not long ago, for example, my friend answered a knock at his door before breakfast to find a fellow writer panting on the porch under the weight of an overnight revelation which wouldn't jell. He had encountered, he said, a young alcoholic addressing a mongrel cur in a French accent. Only a trained technician would have seen any possibilities in that absurd incident but it grew into a highly successful motion picture.

While we were discussing these improbable things another writer came in

for a drink and mentioned casually that he had just seen a loutish bridegroom slapping his bride in an automobile.

"Can I have that?" my host demanded. "You're welcome," said his friend, "but what for?"

"Never mind," said the other. "It'll work." And having retired late at night, after submitting the idea to his subconscious "as a prayer to God, almost a command," he rose next morning and went to work on a new script. I can't imagine what it's about and he wouldn't tell me.

If it does work it will be first set out in a brief summary or "treatment" and discussed with a Hollywood producer. If it seems promising it will be expanded in a first draft, revised in a second draft and finally set down in a working script—a labor of weeks or months.

Even then a writer's job is not complete. He must attend the director on the set and if any scene seems inadequate as it is acted it will be rewritten on the spot, perhaps in a few frantic minutes, while the cameras wait at high cost per minute and the writer goes slowly mad.

A man may be a genius in the writing of books but useless for this sort of work. Great writers have failed over and over again in the movie industry because they require a special and rare bent of mind, "just the right mixture ofavarice and dementia," my friend called it.

All the motion picture scripts of Hollywood make a small trickle beside the torrent of television writing which pours out of this town day and night.

Commercial writers who once filled the pulps and slicks with short stories have arrived here to become the prisoners of a little electrical box and a mysterious set of rules calculated to destroy their sanity.

Since these men talk to most North American families every night and probably influence our continental thought-ways more than any other single group, I sought out one of the ablest among them and put him through a long inquisition.

The poor fellow was weak after his second literary birth in a fortnight and the compulsory stomach ulcer of his trade was acting up, but he received me kindly in his hide-out.

Though a learned student of literature, he wrote mostly crude westerns, about two dozen a year, for the usual fee of \$1,500 apiece, a killing schedule. Usually he found the germ of a story in some obscure diary of the Old West, in a faded dime novel or in a classic like "The Virginian," which, he told me, was the "papa" of all westerns and had been worked and re-worked endlessly like an old gold mine. His bookshelves were crammed with such Americana and he respected it as the true repository of his nation's ethos.

"You can do almost anything with a western," he said. "You can put a philosophical story in hair pants. Or you can move an old detective story out on the range. The western is a kind of omnibus that will carry any passenger you like. There's no end to its possibilities so long as you preserve the old cowboy myth, the most powerful myth in America. It can say anything."

There were drastic limitations, however, on television because it was restricted by its penurious budget.

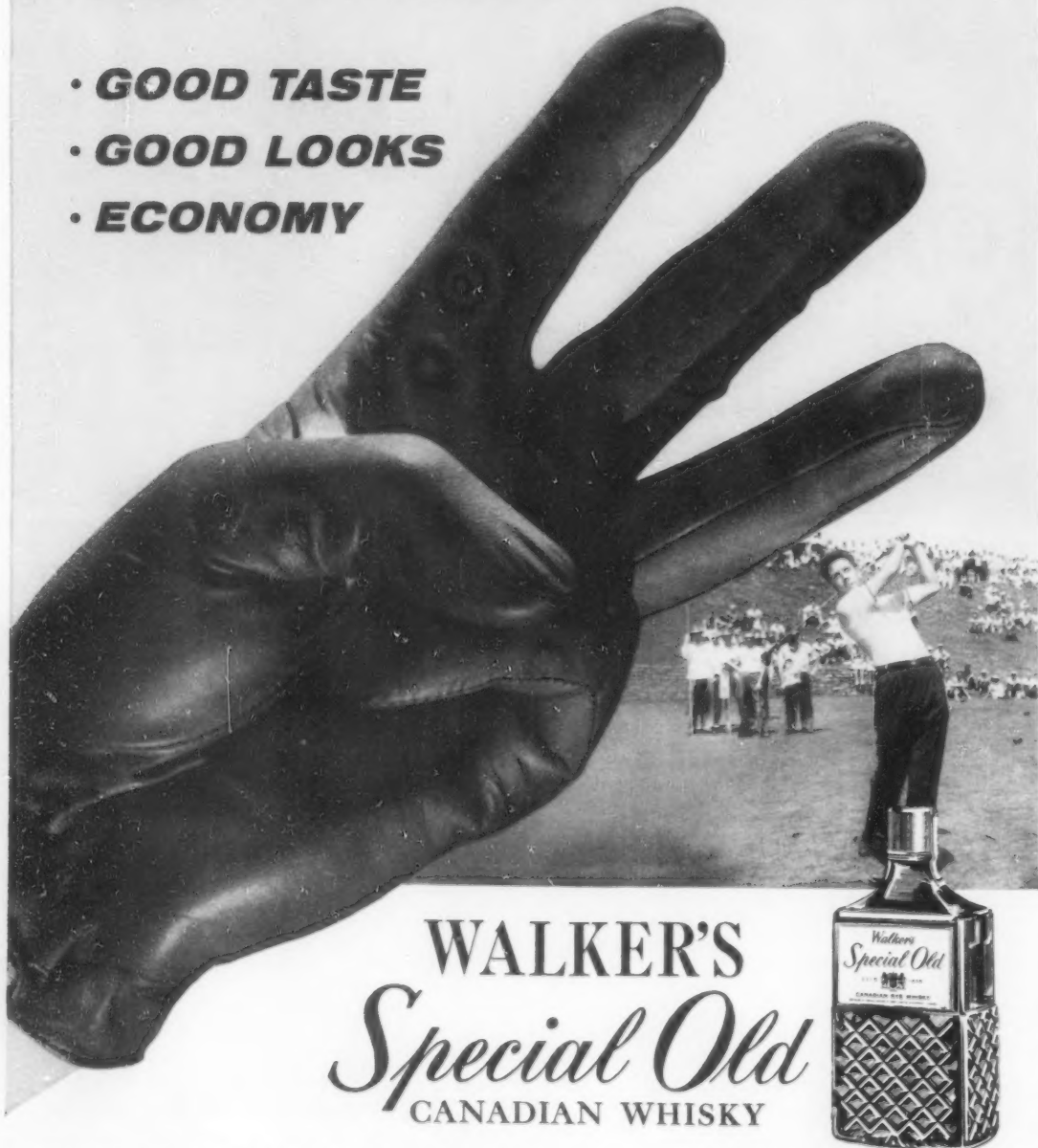
"You may want a big spectacle like a battle scene or a mob of people," the writer explained, "but you can't afford it. So you have to write the story without it. Or, if you're lucky, you may find a battle scene or a mob, a flood or a train wreck or whatever, in some old motion



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picture or a news reel. They have all this stuff indexed in the film libraries and you can buy a few feet of it, at so much per foot, and sandwich it into your show. It's a kind of cannibalism but the public never suspects it."

"You have to work fast," he added. "You take a rough idea to a producer and if he likes it he'll give you two weeks to put it into a shooting script of thirty minutes, including commercials, and then two more days for a final rewrite. Roughly you have twenty minutes of dialogue and ten minutes of action. The dialogue is fixed but action gives the director a cushion. It can be expanded or contracted quite a bit to make the timing right."

"But don't expect perfection," he warned me, "when the whole show is shot in three days or so. About eighty-five shows a week are made in this town. The public may not think much of them but it's a wonder they're as good as they are. They won't be much better anyway until we get more money from pay-TV and a big screen on the wall instead of a little box in the corner."

I left that man with a half-finished script on his desk for delivery next morning (also a glass of bicarbonate and a carton of cigarettes, the essential tools of his trade) and I drove up the California coast for a last look at the motion picture outside Hollywood, in its most deceptive form.

On the way I happened to see at first hand what the executive had meant by saying that the rate of personal casualty in his business was appallingly high. A stout bedraggled woman of middle age was puttering about in the garden of a pleasant bungalow. I didn't recognize her, but only a few years ago she had been one of America's movie darlings. Her girlish face, lithe figure and musical voice were as well known to this continent as the Rocky Mountains and more popular. My host told me her name but I could hardly believe it and in charity do not mention it here.

"She's not a drunk," he said. "She has no domestic trouble, no husband, no men. She just wants to be alone, I guess. Lives with an old housekeeper and never seems to see anybody else. If she goes to the post office for her mail nobody pays any attention to her. As a public character she's dead. But she seems to enjoy it."

She was enjoying her garden that day anyhow. By her girth I judged that she also enjoyed her food, now that her figure was no problem.

The next morning, at seven o'clock, I drove out to the Monterey airport and found Warner Brothers in full possession. With sound trucks, dazzling lights, a portable power plant, derricks, cameras, dressing rooms on wheels and two airplanes—about an acre of equipment—a crew of a hundred actors and technicians was about to make a scene for a picture called *A Summer Place*, laid on the other side of the continent, in Maine, which at that season, lay deep in snow.

Everything went exactly on schedule as in many a well-managed factory. At eight o'clock the director arrived (I knew him because he wore a long woolen scarf in the hot California sun, had a gay, commanding air and addressed everyone as "Kids"). After him came a famous girl star of another day now graduated, with her honest wrinkles, to a mother's part, and then a handsome young man whose face had been already painted for the day's work.

As one workman hurriedly slapped grey paint on the railings of the airport ramp, to prevent glare on the film, and another drew chalk lines on the floor to

guide the actors, the director talked earnestly to his Kids and ordered a rehearsal.

Five times the mother and the young man walked along the ramp and down the stairs, pretending to follow with their eyes an imaginary airplane about to land on the runway. The whole thing was incomprehensible to me, of course—a small fragment or perhaps a minute on the screen—but it was terribly important to the director. By his look of concentration and his private mutterings you might have thought he was about

to film the end of the world instead of a brief scene in Monterey for a picture set in Maine.

At last he was satisfied with the rehearsal, everyone fell silent, the script girl wrote furiously on a pad of paper, the lights glared, the camera men wheeled through the air on their derrick, the actors tripped across the ramp and, so perfect was the timing, a real airplane swooped down at that precise moment upon the runway. The director apparently was happy for he hugged the actress in a nice fatherly way.

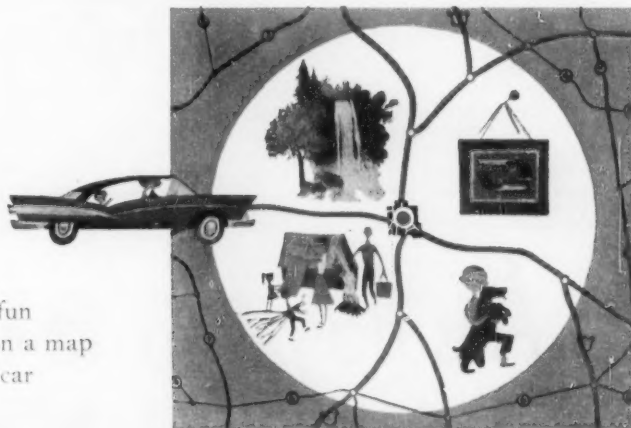
All this had occupied more than three hours, a hundred workers and probably a million dollars' worth of apparatus for a momentary flash that might never reach the screen. The perfectionism of the motion picture is taken for granted but it comes high.

A gigantic Negro who drove one of the trucks had leaned against a post throughout the performance, his eyes glazed, his fine white teeth bared in a grin of admiration.

"It's crazy," he confided to me, "but, boy, it's fun!" ★

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For the sake of argument

Continued from page 8

most virtuous and they are tied to the country and wedded to its liberty and interests by the most lasting bonds . . . the mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government as sores do to the strength of the human body."

Canadian politicians, particularly at the time of Confederation, stressed the worth of the man who owned his own plot of land but, more canny than Jefferson, did not condemn the sin of the cities. Farm leaders have persistently done both. In 1910, when farmers from

all over Canada marched on Ottawa, the brief they presented to Laurier said, in part: "Believing that the greatest misfortune which can befall any country is to have its people huddled together in the great centres of population and realizing also that in view of the constant movement of our people away from the farms, the greatest problem which presents itself to the Canadian people today is the problem of retaining our people on the soil, we come doubly assured of the justice of our position."

J. L. Brown, president of the United Farmers of Manitoba in the 1920s saw, as did many of those who preceded and followed him in office, a direct and divinely established connection between farming, the virtuous life and stable but progressive democratic government. Other farm leaders used to talk, in a Utopian way, about a Christian commonwealth that would transcend national boundaries and be ruled by farmers.

Suggestions of this kind are not heard these days as the agricultural organiza-

tions are much too busy with more practical questions such as deficiency payments or price supports. Nevertheless, our democratic machinery still operates as if there was a real relationship between stable government and rural life based on individual ownership of land.

This proposition cannot be supported by either European or Canadian experience — if anything, the converse is true. The rise of mass democracy in nineteenth century Britain corresponds rather closely to the rise of a great industrial and urban nation — a nation which had already adopted a policy through the enclosure movements which led to the creation of a large landless class. The emphasis since the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 has not been on rural democracy or the family farm, but on the production of food, as cheaply and efficiently as possible, for the factory worker. This is in marked contrast to the pattern that has developed in France since the revolution in 1789. Many of the documents associated with the revolution

specify the right to own land as one of the "natural, sacred and unalienable rights of man." Many of those who had been serfs before the Revolution became small land-holders after it and, by and large, their descendants still hold it. A comparison between democratic government in France and Britain does not indicate that its stability is enhanced by large numbers of people owning small parcels of land or disturbed by the existence of a large landless class.

Canadian experience indicates that rural areas, far from being the bed rock of our parliamentary system, have all too often been the breeding ground of crackpot theories of government or the supporters of reactionary regimes. Take three examples: the Progressive party of the 1920s, the farmer government which held office until recently in the province of Manitoba, and the Duplessis regime that has been in power in the province of Quebec since 1944 and which owes its power largely to rural voters.

The Progressive party of the 1920s was divided into two wings — the radical wing led by H. W. Wood of Alberta and J. J. Morrison of Ontario and the more conservative group led, for a time, by T. A. Crerar. The ideas that Wood and Morrison attempted to put into practice were formulated by William Irvine and expounded in his book, *The Farmer in Politics*. This book is one of the most remarkable in Canadian political history. It seems to represent an attempt to apply the evolutionary theory of Darwin together with some good old-time religion and a dash of Karl Marx's doctrine of class struggle to the British parliamentary system. The nub of the idea was that the traditional democratic process must be given up entirely to be replaced by representation from organized interest groups, who would elect members to parliament in proportion to the number in each group.

The system was seen as inevitable; a short quotation from Irvine will illustrate: "The evolutionary principle recognizes a movement from the indefinite to the definite and from the simple to the complex. We begin with the worlds in whirling orbs of fire, and end with the human faculties as expressed in the highest art . . . This principle operates in the political realm just as it does in the physical, and that man is blind who cannot see it . . . we are moving toward a more complex form of government . . . away from the indefinite jelly formation of mass opinion, to the definite solidified opinion of organized groups." The fact that large numbers of people could swallow such gobbledygook as this makes understandable the subsequent election of Aberhart as premier of Alberta in 1935 with his hair-brained schemes for monetary Social Credit reform.

Experience in Manitoba with an administration dominated by sons of the soil is instructive. In 1922 the province elected an avowedly farmer government and, until recently, the government was run on principles or ideas that are typically rural. Some of these characteristics were self-righteousness, naïveté, oversimplification of issues and of the nature of government's responsibility, an exaggerated emphasis on the virtues of rigorous economy in all circumstances and a lamentable lack of understanding of the political process and of the parliamentary system. There was, of course, a certain cross-pollination between these ideas and attitudes. The views of the farmers on the usefulness and functions of political parties will illustrate many of these characteristics and their attitude toward education the rest.

John Bracken, who became Premier

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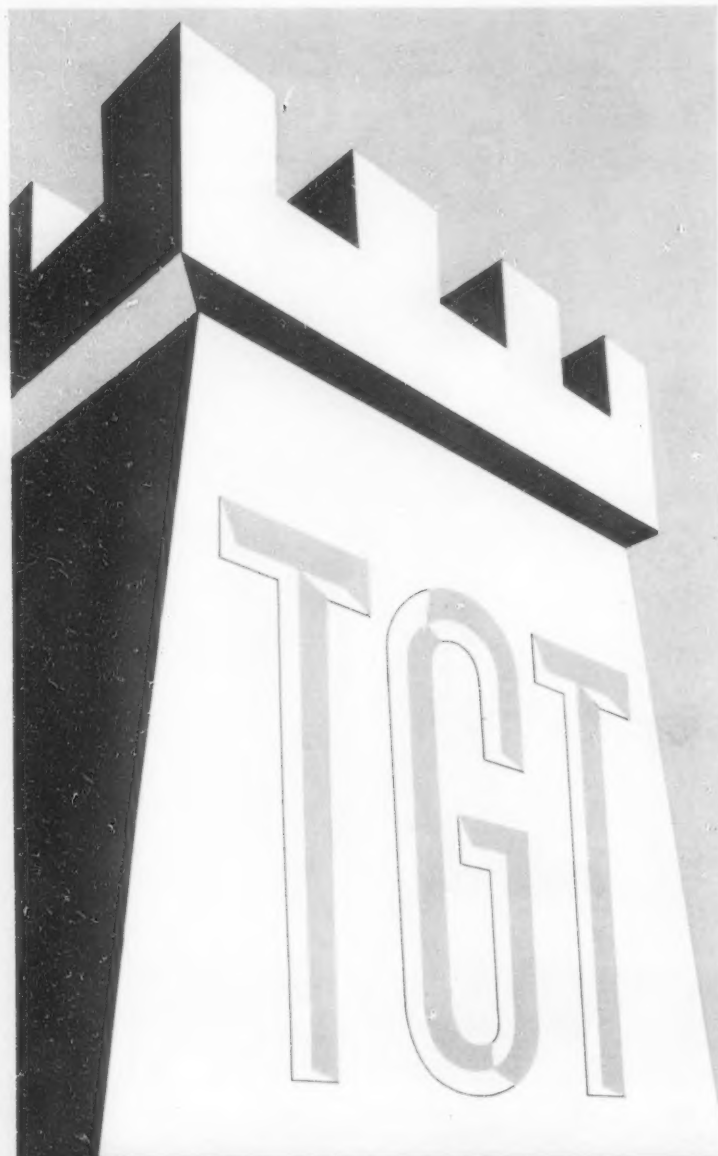
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in 1922, and the group that supported him, believed that political parties were at best an unnecessary expense and at their worst the breeding ground of dissension and corruption. All that was needed for provincial government, they maintained, was a small group of men of good will gathered together in the legislature to do what was best. This was assumed to be self-evident and consisted of the laissez-faire minimum carried out as cheaply as possible. An opposition, and hence debate, about policy was regarded as a waste of time. Throughout his career Bracken worked for coalition and non-partisan government on the grounds that it would be more efficient and cheaper. In 1941 his ideas were accepted and during the ensuing decade the province was governed by a non-partisan group. (Bracken, with remarkable perversity, then went off to lead the national Conservative party after insisting that the word Progressive be prefixed to their name.) Vital political parties ceased to exist in Manitoba and so did vital policies. Both were revived a few years ago by Duff Roblin, a notably urban and urbane type.

The starving horse

Policies on education, both school and university illustrated the failure of the farmer administration and amounted to nothing short of a social tragedy. By 1950 Manitoba had the lowest per capita expenditures on education in Canada and the highest per capita reserves in the treasury. The province very nearly achieved the position of the farmer who, having trained his horse to get along without eating, found that the ungrateful beast dropped dead. The policy was to spend as little as possible and to offer no leadership. For example, on the question of the larger school unit, the stand of the non-partisan administration was that the demand for it must come from the grass roots — local school districts must organize of their own motion and petition for government action. As might be expected, very few did. Last February the Roblin minority government initiated a province-wide referendum on the subject, offered financial incentives for the adoption of the larger units and generally gave the leadership that is expected of a political party with the result that the province voted overwhelmingly in favor of the consolidated districts.

The behavior of rural voters in the province of Quebec indicates that democracy and good government would not suffer if their representation were reduced to its proper level. Consider the following facts and allegations. In the election of June, 1956, the Union Nationale Party led by Mr. Duplessis won seventy-four seats and the opposition nineteen. Of that nineteen, thirteen were from essentially urban areas and seven of these were from the city of Montreal.

There is considerable evidence that the rather extreme brand of French-Canadian nationalism preached by Duplessis and other members of his government meets the best response in rural areas. Indeed, some of the issues on which the Premier fights the federal government seem carefully selected so as to do the rural areas no specific harm while at the same time make him seem a great champion of provincial autonomy. His refusal to let the universities take federal grants given without strings and dispensed through the National Conference of Canadian Universities is one such instance. Conversely, refusal to join the Trans-Canada Highway agreements probably persists because the presence of the

federal auditors would nullify patronage.

Finally, no provincial government has such a bad record in civil liberties. The Padlock Law was enforced for twenty years — until the Supreme Court threw it out. Mr. Duplessis was also recently sentenced to pay \$33,123 personal damages to Frank Roncarelli because, as attorney-general, he had discriminated against Roncarelli to punish him for giving bail to Jehovah's Witnesses, a sect that the Premier was trying to wipe out.

The three examples cited prove that existing rural over-representation in both the provinces and the House of Commons cannot be justified in the name of good or stable government. Put negatively it is safe to say that rural voters have not displayed greater electoral wisdom than their city fellows. This being the case are there any other reasons to justify the present state of affairs? One, commonly cited and rarely examined, is that if rural areas were made large enough to contain as many voters as the average urban constituency they would be too large to represent. It is argued that the candidates would not be able to get to know their constituents or to conduct an election campaign properly. There is obviously something in this argument: the federal riding of Toronto-Spadina has a population of nearly ninety thousand and over fifty thousand registered voters. A constituency containing a similar number of voters in northern Canada would take in at least everything north of the fifty-fifth parallel. Applied to more typical rural areas, the argument loses most of its force.

In the first place, modern means of travel make larger constituencies more feasible. There is no reason to draw boundaries as if candidates went about on horseback. Means of communicating ideas have, of course, changed equally. Radio networks now cover the entire population. For the past twenty years those who wished to turn on their sets could hear the candidates. Soon the great majority will be able to see them on TV. Is a handshake really necessary?

In what sense can the interests of an artificial geographical area, such as most ridings are and must remain, be represented? A half century ago, the local member was expected to see that the party faithful were rewarded — that so-and-so got to tend the lighthouse or keep the post office. In the federal field even the petty patronage is now gone, in many of the provinces it is on its way out, in the others it should be. Moreover, what we need are members who can contribute to and interpret majority will as it applies to national or provincial matters. Such questions as further development of the welfare state or educational policy have little distinctively local or constituency application.

Reform in our representative system is long overdue. One way to increase urban representation would be simply by increasing the number of members in each House. As it is now, each member has a desk and chair on the floor of the House. Many of the back-benchers could well sit in a special gallery or jostle for a seat on a bench if a dramatic debate was in progress or anticipated. The first thing that needs to be done is to get the drawing of constituency boundaries out of the hands of the politicians. The BNA act stipulates that the area of each federal constituency must be confirmed or redrawn after each decennial census. It is useless to expect a parliamentary committee, the majority of which will be rural members, to make any substantial change. Britain and Australia entrust this work to a boundaries commission and we should do the same. ★

"Got the heartburn?" Jake asked. "Look like you been eatin' horseradish through a wove wire fence"

day in April Jake and me took the eggs and the cream can into town. We dropped in Repeat Golightly's Shop where he has that sign in the window: YOUR TONSORIAL REQUIREMENTS LOOKED AFTER. Repeat was sitting alone in his barber chair and looking sort of glum and Jake asked him to run his binder through my hair and Repeat kept looking unhappily at the geraniums he grows in his window there and then he got down out of the chair and I got up into it. He didn't say anything whilst he wound that strip of paper round my neck and then tucked in that sheet and then pumped me up.

"Somethin' givin' you the heartburn, Repeat?" Jake said and Repeat he just granted and started up the clippers and Jake said, "Look of your face you been eatin' horseradish through a wove wire fence."

"Rue the day," Repeat said. "I say we'll rue the day and we will."

Jake tilted his chair back so he was sort of leaning on his neck against the wall. "That's nice."

"Elsie Abercrombie and her IODE!"

"What about her?" Jake asked.

"Leave her alone! Don't touch her! Not a finger! Leave her to her unspoiled and natural state! Primitive and natural state!"

Jake let his chair come down with a thump. "Elsie Abercrombie!"

Repeat turned off the clippers. "Jake—any fool would know I was not referring to Elsie Abercrombie. Highly unlikely she'll ever need a champion." He turned the clippers back on. "Any fool," he said to the back of my neck. "Nature. Mother Nature."

"Oh," Jake said.

"Don't touch Her! Let Her go!"

"Mother Nature," Jake said.

"Of course!" He said it so hard I felt his breath hit my cheek. Warm. "Mother Nature!"

I saw Jake's mouth tighten the way it does when his patience gets thin. "All right, Repeat. I promise. I ain't gonna touch Her. Wouldn't touch Her with a ten-foot pole!"

"Not you."

"Who?"

"Mayor MacTaggart—his council—Elsie Abercrombie and the Beautify Crocus Committee!"

"Oh."

"She'll strike back."

"Elsie Abercrombie . . ."

" . . . as She always does and has—at man and his anti-nature projects. They are changing the course of the Broken-shell River—behind Daddy Johnston's—clear down to the CNR Bridge you can see them at work. They have their draglines and bulldozers and shovels and diggers—their trucks are hauling away great mouthfuls of earth—digging a new bed for . . ."

"Mother Nature?"

"For the Brokenshell."

"Well, Repeat," Jake said, "I wouldn't get all upset over that—ought to done it years ago—floods we had ever since . . ."

"It is not a flood control measure," Repeat interrupted him. "They are re-routing the Brokenshell so she will flow through the park . . ."

"What the aitch for?"

"Elsie Abercrombie's idea and her committee—aided and abetted by Mayor MacTaggart." Repeat turned off the clippers and went over and laid them on the

instrument shelf. Then he came back and stood in front of Jake. "The Venice of South Central Southwestern Saskatchewan."

"Huh!"

Repeat made a couple of snips at the

air, blew on the comb and then he bent his knees and tilted my head. "Hair to the South, Kid. Slogan for Crocus and Greater Crocus District. New slogan."

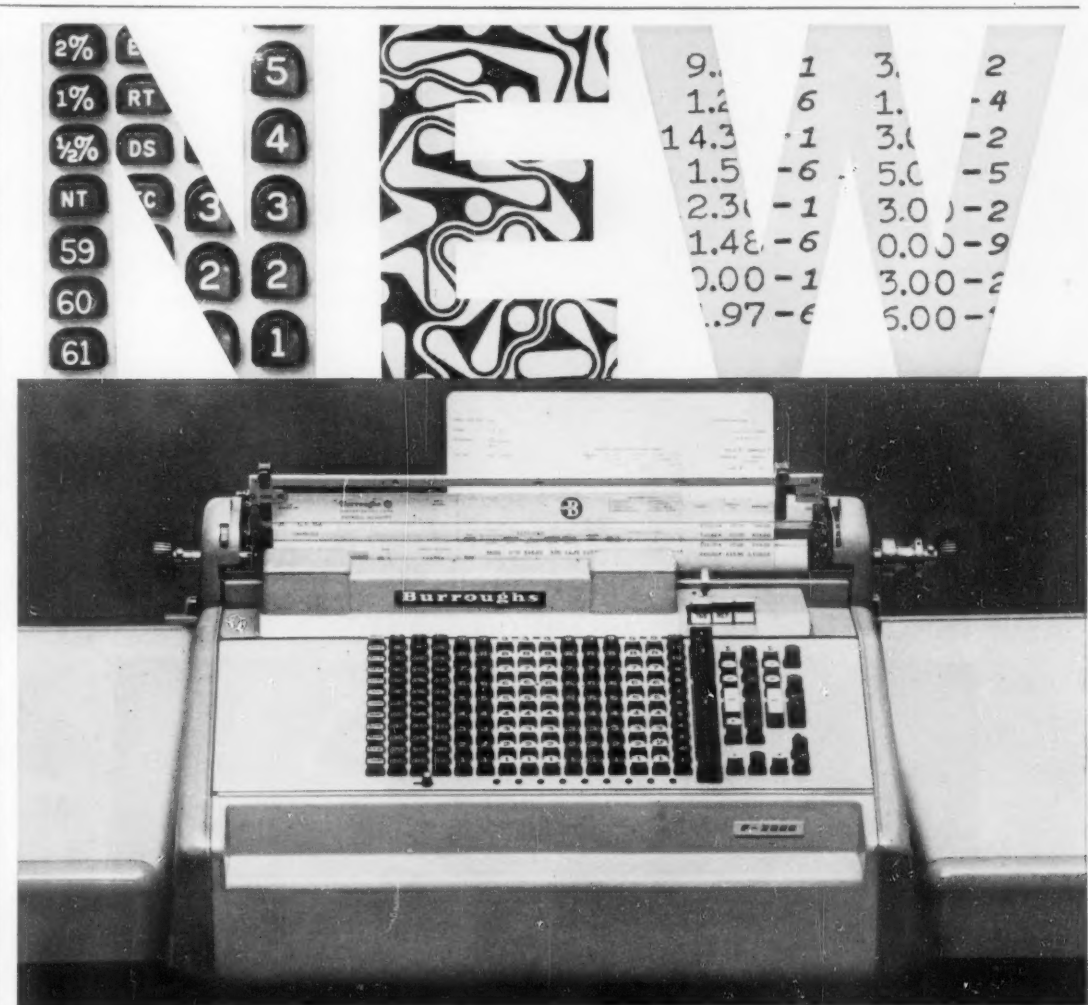
Jake said, "She's the Flour Barr'l of South Central . . ."

"The Venice of —"

"But the sign at the highway coming into Crocus . . ."

"Will be changed to read: 'The Venice of . . .'"

"Holy diddle!" Jake said.



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"Leave Her alone," Repeat said. "Balance. Balance Nature."

Jake he was staring out past the geraniums and he had this faraway look on his face like he wasn't listening to Repeat at all.

"I said it when they first announced their plans for the St. Lawrence and I say it now for the Brokenshell here at home—don't upset—the balance—delicate—precise balance. Keep still, Kid. Can't cut the hair on a moving object." The scissors went right on snipping over my left ear. "You tip it. Look out."

And I was thinking maybe he was right because look what happened when they poisoned out the coyotes a couple years back and the mice all over the next spring.

"Mother Nature knows best."

"Uh-huh," Jake said.

"Mother Nature doesn't court by years—She gets there by hundreds—thousands—millions."

"Does She," Jake said.

"She goes right on with Her lessons."

"What lessons is that, Repeat?"

"Every one the same. Humility. We got to learn it at Mother Nature's knee. Her broad earthen knee. Lesson humility."

"Well, now—you may be right, Repeat, but there's no sense gettin' all stirred up . . ."

"I'm stirred up all right," Repeat said. "And I am also humble before the wonders of Mother Nature—the unspoiled wonders."

"That's nice," Jake said.

Repeat started in squirting on hair tonic. "I respect Her. Always respect Her. 'Orville,' my Father used to say, 'use Nature's remedies and let Mother Nature work for you . . .'" He has real strong tips to his fingers and I was feeling just sick because for a week I'd be smelling like the hyacinth Ma has on the kitchen window. "rhubarb season . . ."

"Sure, sure, Repeat," Jake stood up. "I still say it ain't nothin' to worry about . . ."

"Lot of arrogant self-satisfied folks

going around patting themselves on the back over that great earth dam below McConeky's slough."

"Huh!" Even with my eyes stinging from that hair tonic I could see Jake was startled.

"I say there's a lot of un-humble people walking . . ."

"Did you say below McConeky's slough?"

"That's right."

"But I thought—I figgered—she'd be above McConeky's slough."

"Below. It's below."

"Well, Holy diddle—that ain't tamperin' with Mother Nature, Repeat! Why—they're—there's slappin' Her in the Face—right in Her Great Big Grassy Face!"

Jake he headed straight for MacTaggart's Trading Company Store and he hardly stepped inside before he took Mayor MacTaggart by the face.

"Mac, I'd like to—I don't like how that dam's going below McConeky's slough!"

Mr. MacTaggart looked up from the

order he was making out and he said, "Oh."

"Pure foolishness," Jake said.

"Is it," Mayor MacTaggart said.

"I want to see her miss McConeky's altogether."

"Do you now?"

"Anybody can tell that's what she should do. I sure hate to be the fellow responsible for havin' 'em put that dam where they're puttin' her now!"

"Would you," Mr. MacTaggart snapped shut the order book and slapped it back in the rack. He leaned forward with both hands on the counter. "Why?"

"Some engineer just stuck his nose into the district long enough to pull a boner like that an' get out before the damage comes! Must be blind if he can't see the great shallah saucer an' the rise both sides of McConeky's slough."

"Is he," Mr. MacTaggart said it real quiet but you could see the knuckles on his hand grabbing the pencil were white.

"Puttin' that dam below McConeky's is just pointin' a gun at your park an' half the business section Main Street! Buildin' up millions an' millions gallons flood an' dammed water like the bullet in a gun—an' that ditch right off of the lower corner there is your rifle barr'l trained through the park!"

"Is it."

"I ain't no engineer," Jake said.

"That's right," Mr. MacTaggart said.

"But I know the Brokenshell the way some fool don't!"

"Jake . . ." Mr. MacTaggart started to say.

"Must be more'n one fellah figured that out!"

"No, there wasn't. There was only . . ."

"One fellah couldn't be all that stooped just by himself!"

"Jake!" It just bust out of Mr. MacTaggart.

"Idiot!"

"Me!" yelled Mayor MacTaggart.

"Huh!"

"I am the head of the Dam-Planning Sub-Committee under the Beautify Crocus Plan! If you haven't got anything constructive to say . . ."

"But, Mac, you . . ."

" . . . then shut up!"

"But, Mac—that dam just can't go below . . ."

"It can and it is and it will and where that dam goes or it doesn't go is none of your damn business!"

So Jake he ran into a stone wall with Mayor MacTaggart, hurting his feelings and calling him what he called him in a sort of an indirect way you might say. But he didn't give up; he called on Mrs. Abercrombie and she wouldn't even listen to him. Mrs. Abercrombie always gets Jake's shackles up.

Even Ma didn't see eye to eye with Jake. Couple evenings later when Jake came in with the milk, Ma said, "Jake, I didn't think I'd ever see the time when you'd be taking a negative attitude."

"I ain't negative," Jake said.

"There's been quite a bit of talk against the Beautify Crocus Plan and particularly the new Brokenshell Waterway—whispering . . ."

"I ain't been whispering!"

"I don't think you ever whispered in your life," Ma said. "But there has been nasty, back-biting talk on the part of those who didn't have the imagination or the gumption to do something about it in the first place."

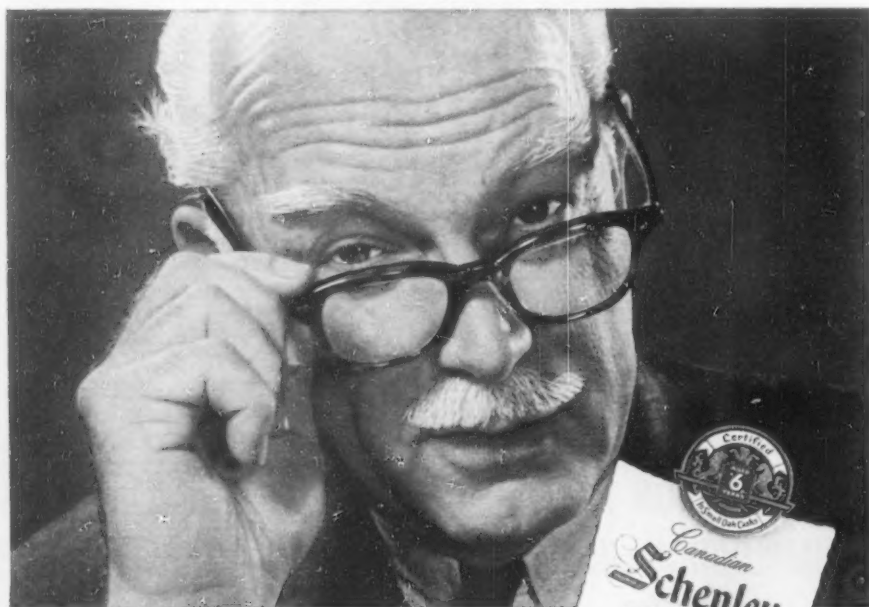
"Look," Jake said, "I ain't been doing any back-biting . . ."

"I didn't say you had but several noses around town are out of joint and I'm not so sure yours . . ."

"My nose ain't out of joint!"

" . . . we can't stand in the way of

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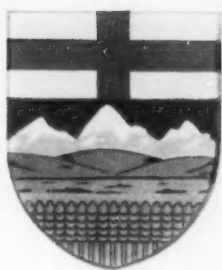
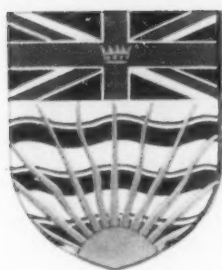


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progress just because a project wasn't our idea in the beginning."

"St. Lawrence Seaway wasn't my idea in the beginnin' that don't mean I'm agin the St. Lawrence Seaway . . ."

"The Seaway hasn't a thing to do with . . ."

"But if they was to engineer the Seaway so's she pointed right at Toronto then I'd . . ."

"They didn't, and I don't think that's what they're doing with the Brokenshell Waterway. They're not amateur engineers . . ."

"MacTaggart is!"

"They know what they're doing," Ma said.

"So does Mother Nature," Jake said.

Ma finished pouring in the milk and then she started winding the separator. "I don't think we have to worry about Mother Nature." She said it that firm way of hers. She was a school teacher once and they don't get that out of their blood in a hurry.

"Don't go gettin' sentimental about Mother Nature," Jake said.

"I won't," Ma said.

"If you care to," Jake said, "you might look out in the corner the barley field where the lump-jaw calf died. Mother Nature's out there."

Ma didn't say anything and the separator kept right on purring and giving that *click-ting* now and again.

"With Her undertakers," Jake said it to her over his shoulder as he headed for the door with the empty pails. "All dressed in black an' their beaks all busy. When it's bare except for a furry white grass over the bones, Mother Nature's little helpers will tidy up." He turned

back to her at the door. "Ants—flies—maggots. She fights dirty. I won't be the only one shoutin' when She hears about that dam below McConeky's slough! You'll see! You'll see!"

Jake he talked to other folks—in the post office; he buttonholed them in the Sanitary Café, Maple Leaf Beer Parlor. When he finally quit was that day in Malleable Brown's Blacksmith Shop when Malleable went right on pounding Mrs. Doctor Fotheringham's andiron whilst it sprayed off bright flakes and the cherry kind of fainted back into it. Jake he told Malleable what he thought of the Brokenshell Waterway through the park and Malleable left off pounding and stuck the iron into the tub of water and it sighed and Malleable sighed and Malleable said, "Jake, you may be right an' you may be wrong . . ."

"Oh, I'm right," Jake said.

"Don't make too much difference," Malleable said.

"How come?"

"Their ditch is dug now. Their dam's piled up. Spring runoff's already started."

"Uh-huh."

"They ain't gonna kick out their dam. They ain't gonna fill in their ditch an' all the talkin' in the world ain't gonna stop the runoff." Malleable picked up the other andiron with his tongs and laid it across the anvil. "Is it?"

Jake looked at Malleable for quite a while and he said, "No, Malleable, I guess they ain't an' it ain't."

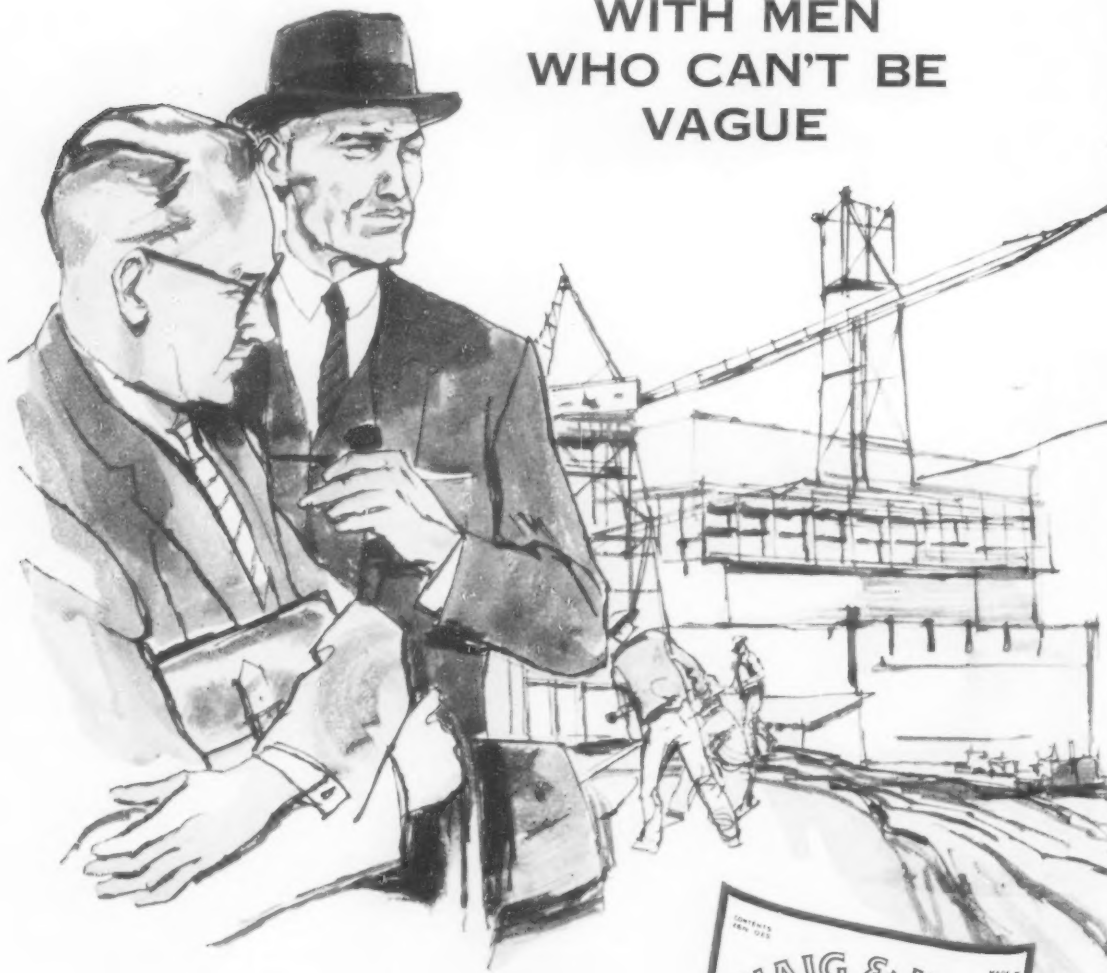
Malleable started in whangin' Mrs. Fotheringham's other andiron and Jake turned away. I felt kind of sorry for him. I wouldn't exactly want Mother Nature to get the heartburn, but right there I was sort of wishing there was only some way Jake could be proved he was right all along without our town getting flooded out.

Jake never said another word one way or the other and the Beautify Crocus Committee went right ahead; the dam and the new Brokenshell Waterway were only part of it. Hig Wheeler's lumber yard donated the two-by-fours and ship-lap for park rest rooms that the Knights of the Loyal But Purple Order of Homesteaders built—both of them. It was the Activarians put up the slides and swings and rings and teeter-totters and Rotary built the new bandstand like one of those pagodas set up high for the band to play off of.

Our big month for runoff is like from the middle of April to the middle of May and we had a dandy and she backed up behind the new dam and they held her there, saving her for June 24th when the Queen would open the St. Lawrence Seaway.

It was a little rough on Headly McConeky with almost a half-section under water but the Beautify Crocus Committee pointed out it was mostly summer fallow and there'd be so much moisture carry-over he'd probably get a bumper crop the next year. Mr. McConeky said he had no intention of raising rice next year even if it went sixty bushels to the acre and there was no quota restrictions on it. They told him it might seem a little unfair but any project for the good of everybody sometimes meant a small sacrifice for the few and look how there were whole townsites hundreds of years old that had to give way for the St. Lawrence Seaway and Mr. McConeky said he wasn't whining just so long as they understood there'd been quite a bit of sacrifice and it was all his and an aitch of a lot more than he'd bargained for and it would of been a lot more convenient for him if the Queen brought her royal yacht up the St. Lawrence a month or so earlier so he could of got

WITH MEN WHO CAN'T BE VAGUE



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his disking done before his half-section was under water.

June was wet too—steady wet and those four-five inch soakers. She let up two days before the twenty-fourth. In the morning we had the parade with Daddy Johnston that's a hundred and seven sitting straight up in his shawl in the new fire engine with the sun winking and blinking off of its brass and after came the Crocus town band under Mr. Tucker in their new uniforms scarlet and white and gold and pretty as poppies in the morning. In the afternoon they held the pageant where Cora Swengle was Fair Saskatchewan and Herbie Totecole was the First Living Homesteader and different kids said different things like: "I am the Spirit of Bearded Barley" and: "I changed Her Face for I am the Self-propelled Combine." Ones that didn't have something like that to say they were red white and blue anyway.

After the pageant Stevie Kiziw won the egg and spoon race and Alley Coldtart came first in the sack race. There was free ice cream cones and Orange Crush for every kid and the Crocus Millionaires whitewashed the Conception Beavers to win the Little League Finals. I got to play the last three innings. Left field.

The real important stuff started along about five in the afternoon with hundreds of folks jammed in front of the new bandstand and listening to the music and all looking up at the important people there. Mr. MacTaggart stepped out to the microphone and he held up his arms till the band ceased fire. He explained all about why we were here today just like the folks down east only for the St. Lawrence Seaway.

"This new Brokenshell Waterway shall be a sanctuary," Mr. MacTaggart said,

his voice dipping and soaring like those gliders you fold out of paper. "Here wild fowl may rest on their weary trek from the far North to the sunny South. Here the muskrat may push his veeripples ahead of himself over a placid and mirror-like surface that has never been before. Here the stillness may be broken for the first time by the peremptory slap of the beaver's tail. And in the new blue depths of water the carp—the goldeye—the grass pike and the sucker may glide and swirl."

It was kind of hard to believe Mayor MacTaggart the way I was standing to the West of the bandstand and looking down into this twelve-foot ditch and not a spit of water in her.

"... this ribbon," Mr. MacTaggart was saying, "is simply part of the ritual, you understand. When it is cut there will be a controlled release of water which will fill this winding lagoon and it may be some time—even days—before our town will become—can truly and rightfully be called: The Venice of South Central Southwestern Saskatchewan. Be that as it may—this ribbon will be snipped—for us—by a most distinguished individual—the minister—our deputy-minister—ah—whose hand—scissors—will clip the ribbon which will be the signal for Lily—Central to alert the town water works crew even now standing by at McConeky's farm—who will start the trickle which will become the flow from the dammed—tamed Broken-shell River."

The sun glistened off of the top of his head when he bowed and everybody clapped and cheered and the deputy minister stepped forward and he read his speech off of a paper. He said how it was a pleasure to be here with us today and how this was just the first time we would

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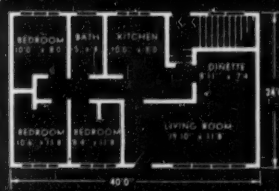
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I kept looking down that ditch and I was thinking it is easier to believe a deputy minister. The way he put it so clear and lovely you could almost swear the sandy bottom of the ditch was dark from water already seeping up from below. Right there was when somebody yelled from back of the crowd. The band struck up — not brassy and bouncy but smooth and sweet and it was: Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

The deputy minister he snipped and the ribbon fell apart and there was some kind of a fuss at the bottom of the bandstand steps with the folks there swaying and separating like when the wind goes through the smooth-on-barley field. Some fellow went up the steps two at a time. It was Jake, I couldn't hear him for the band but he was pointing to the east and everybody was turning and looking.

The band quit playing and then you could hear her come — it sounded like that soft thunder you get far away in summer like somebody dropping lumber on the horizon. Jake's voice caught the microphone on the public address system.

" . . . when he seen his registered seed oats under water — opened up one end with his tractor and farm hand! Your whole dam's give way!"

Mr. MacTaggart grabbed the microphone. "Clear the park!" he yelled. "Alert the Disaster and Emergency Relief Committee — sand bags — every available truck — every able-bodied man . . ."

She wasn't any purling stream; I could see straight to the east and she was a twelve-foot wall of water just creaming

down the ditch straight for the new bandstand.

"Get the fire engine to high ground!" Mr. MacTaggart was yelling. "Everybody out of the park — send your women and children on foot if you're not near your cars!"

I guess you read all about it in the Regina Leader-Post — twenty-seven cars up to the door handles in water, the Knights of the Loyal But Purple Order of Homesteaders rest rooms carried away to Haggerty's Coulee, two-thirds of Main Street under four foot of water, property, stock and silt damage over sixty thousand dollars.

Most folks made it out of the park in time; I was with the ones that didn't and it was pretty crowded up on that stand with the band and the town council and the deputy minister and half the Louis Riel Chapter of the IODE and the presidents and vice-presidents and secretaries of the Activarians, Rotary, Eastern Star, Odd Fellows, South Crocus Home-makers, Athenian Flower, Book, and Discussion Club, Crocus Caledonian Society of Knock-out Curlers.

It was Jake who lifted me up and I was wet right up to where the pig bit me. Whilst we waited for our turn to be taken off by the Emergency and Disaster Relief Committee in one of their three flat-bottom boats — Jake told me what happened.

Headly McConeky had co-operated with the Beautify Crocus Committee right up till that morning when he went out and took a look at his field of registered seed oats.

"Hadden't seen it since the rain stopped," Jake explained, "and when he did he got the coal oil onto his fire. He hooked the farm hand onto his tractor and he only meant to take a small bite out of that end of their dam. One bite was all the Brokenshell needed."

I guess Mother Nature must of had it in special for Government Road the way She washed out a quarter of a mile of it. Like I say Jake he cusses Mayor MacTaggart and the council and the Beautify Crocus Committee every time we do that extra ten miles in and out of town. But it is a special kind of cussing where he does it sort of low and lazy with just one hand. You could almost say he has a sort of smile on his face.

Like Repeat said that day in his shop, you tip the delicate balance of Mother Nature and look out! If She can do what She did with our skinny little Brokenshell Creek, I hate to think what She could do with the mighty St. Lawrence. ★

M11P

A banker says: "I can spot a crook." But another money-lender declares: "The face is no guide"

gestures and facial expressions. Man is rapidly becoming round-headed — it's a general trend all over the world — but this doesn't mean that the human personality is changing."

Sheldon's theory that body type determines behavior leads him to claim that boys become delinquent because of their build rather than their environment and that crime should be curbed not by social improvements but by eugenics. Most criminologists, on the other hand, doubt that criminals are physically different from other people.

Detective Inspector Charles Cook, of the Metropolitan Toronto Police, says, "We use faces for identification, not for interpretation of character. Quite definitely you cannot tell by looking at people if they have ever been involved with the law. Can you tell whether or not they have criminal tendencies? Perhaps many of us have criminal tendencies, and the question is how well we have learned to control them. It has been our experience in our line — homicide investigation — that the person who turns out to be guilty is usually the most unassuming, quiet-mannered individual, like Crippen or Christie, the last person on earth you would guess. Murderers are often people who have never had any criminal record, but even the hardened repeater doesn't necessarily look different from anyone else."

Detective Sergeant William McNeely, one of Cook's associates, adds, "We often find ourselves watching people at a game or in a restaurant. You can't assess their character, but you can usually make some guesses about their occupation, and after a while you find you can tell something about the kind of people they are and the kind of life they have."

"On the subway you can tell which of the women are hurrying home to their husbands and which are going home to cook themselves a meal on a hotplate. Some faces tell you that somewhere along the line the person has got sidetracked and missed something."

A senior Toronto police officer says, "You can't tell anything from the way they look, but you develop a sort of instinct that tells you whether they're guilty or not." Other policemen claim criminals do have tell-tale facial features.

"I've always found that I could pick out the faces of people with criminal tendencies," a retired officer of the Ontario Provincial Police says. "One kind of killer has close-set eyes, and another has a fold of skin at the outer edge of the eye. A lot of juvenile delinquents talk out of the side of their mouths like movie tough-guys, and this habit gets built into their faces. When you interrogate a man the first thing you watch is his throat. If he's guilty you'll see the pulse throbbing in his neck when you come to crucial points."

People who lend money disagree as much as policemen about what faces show. "I can certainly tell if a man's a crook," a bank manager claims, "but don't ask me how."

"My personal opinion, after twenty-three years of experience, is that face isn't any guide to character," says a branch manager of the Household Finance Corporation.

"Face is a reasonable indication of character, but by no means infallible," says Daniel W. F. Coughlan, director of

probation services for Ontario. "The con man is a striking exception. Some kinds of physical abuse do affect the face. The face of an alcoholic, for instance, is flushed and clotted. Most prostitutes develop hard, coarse faces, but the tremendous

drive of nymphomania is sometimes masked by a sweet, cherubic expression. Do the faces of those who have turned to other types of crime coarsen and degenerate? I don't think so. Haigh, the English murderer who killed women and

drank their blood, was a handsome man, and Red Ryan (holdup man and murderer) was as charming a fellow as you'd want to meet."

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about character and appearance. "I don't
paint character as such," portrait-painter
Gerald Scott says. "Something theatrical
emerges when you analyze too much.
But I generally do a better job if I know
the person well. I look for a kind of
awareness, a deep inward response. What
matters is not the shape of the face but
the expression, the person informing the
face. I find actors especially hard to
paint. On stage their faces are mobile,
full of emotion, but when they pose as
themselves they get much more rigid
than the average person. When I painted
at Stratford the year before last my best
portrait was the old man who cleaned
the theatre."

John Steele, former Toronto photog-
rapher, now in theatrical work in Eng-
land, says, "Certainly personality traits
show, though I don't trust the visual
without supporting evidence. If a blind
man and a deaf man interviewed the
same subject the blind man would very
likely produce the more accurate descrip-
tion of the subject's true character. But
I have got things in pictures that sur-
prised even me. I can recall occasions
when I saw cruelty, kindness, pride,
pathos in a portrait that I had not no-
ticed in the person."

Gaby, the Montreal photographer,
says, "I have noticed that when I meet
a person who looks very tough on the
outside he usually is quite inwardly
gentle and uses that harsh look as a
shield for protection. I also meet the
ones with the welcoming smile and the
hardened look in the eyes: beware."

"Character in a face is a combination
of all the features, the wrinkles, bumps,
set of the mouth, but mostly the expres-
sion and the handling of the eyes," says
Donald McKague who photographed
Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip for
their Canadian visit. "The mouth is shap-
ed by personality too. A well-read person,
conscious of words, has tighter lips than
a slurring person. I'm convinced that
people who have had an easy life general-
ly have faces that are softer, sometimes
weaker. The experiences a person has
had, whether or not he's had a lot of
sorrow, whether he has had a difficult
time attaining his goal, are most plainly
written in his face."

Even people accustomed to assessing
faces often make mistakes. "If I like or
dislike someone on sight, I'm almost in-
variably wrong," Gerald Scott admits. "I
may see an old man who looks like
Albert Schweitzer, a face informed with
intelligence, and find he's absolutely
empty. Once I painted a Lincoln type
with a rugged, chopped-out face and was
surprised to find him limp-wristed and
effeminate."

Frank Willis, CBC supervisor of fea-
ture broadcasts, says, "When you look
for a stranger in a crowd, perhaps some-
one you're going to interview, you can
pick him out by his clothes and his bear-
ing if you know his occupation and ap-
proximate age. But you couldn't pick
him out in a nudist colony."

The art of face-reading had its heyday
in the middle of the nineteenth century,
when phrenology was taken almost as
seriously as psychiatry is today. The
phrenologists claimed that the brain was
divided into thirty-seven regions, each
with a separate function, and that the
shape of the skull over each region indi-
cated whether the corresponding mental
faculty was well or poorly developed.
People with a peculiar development of
the organ of destructiveness (just above
the ear) were marked as potential mur-
derers, and men were warned against
wives with flat-backed heads (lack of
amorousness).

In the United States the first advocates

How did you rate their characters?

(Answers to
mystery photos on page 27)

1. **Edwin Alonzo Boyd**,
gang leader and bank
robber.
2. **Dame Edith Sitwell**,
poet and philosopher.
3. **Sir Mackenzie Bowell**,
fiery sixth prime minister
of Canada.
4. **Christabel Pankhurst**
fighter for women's
rights.
5. **Sir Oswald Mosley**,
British fascist leader.
6. **William Aberhart**,
zealous Social Credit
pioneer.
7. **Queen Alexandra**,
poised consort of King
Edward VII.
8. **David Adams**,
dedicated Canadian ballet
dancer.
9. **John George Haigh**,
infamous English mass
murderer.
10. **Dr. Marion Hilliard**,
renowned Canadian
gynecologist.
11. **George (Buzz) Beurling**,
Canada's top ace of World
War II, who died after de-
ciding to fight on as a
mercenary.
12. **Mme. Irene Joliot-Curie**,
co-winner of a Nobel
prize for physics.

of phrenology were two theology stu-
dents, Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet
Beecher Stowe's preacher brother, and a
flamboyant fellow called Orson Squire
Fowler, who dropped his studies in order
to become the self-styled "great gun of
phrenology in America." He and his
brother Lorenzo made a fortune traveling
all over the northeastern States lecturing,
drawing up charts of character and read-
ing faces by mail, "from a daguerreotype,
the three-quarter pose preferred." In
Ontario O. S. Fowler once read a skull
unearthed from an Indian mound.

For a time phrenology was so fash-
ionable that Victoria and Albert had their
children examined, and Horace Greeley
suggested that railway accidents could be
avoided by choosing engineers whose
heads denoted caution. Walt Whitman
was so pleased with Lorenzo Fowler's
flattering analysis of his huge head that
he kept the chart all his life and had it
published five times.

But head-reading was gradually dis-
credited by surgeons who removed parts
of the brain to show that brain areas
were not related to specific faculties in
the way that Fowler and his colleagues
claimed.

The notion that evil propensities are
etched in physical features comes down
to us from the nineteenth century psy-
chiatrist Cesare Lombroso, who conclud-
ed after examining thousands of convicts
that criminals have gross, irregular, de-
generate faces with sharp, prominent
teeth and bushy eyebrows.

In the Thirties Hollywood took ad-
vantage of the myth of the "criminal
face" by casting Edward G. Robinson,
Peter Lorre and George Raft in gangster

parts. Today manufacturers exploit our beliefs about appearance in more subtle ways. The man in the Marlboro advertisement looks virile (to show that Marlboro is a man's cigarette) and Miss Rheingold is sweet rather than seductive (to show that drinking beer is healthy and neighborly).

These faces convey the appropriate message because, ever since childhood, we have been forming ideas about how different kinds of people should look and judging the people we meet by the way they fit these patterns. To some extent we see what we expect to see, and our view of a face is clouded and complicated by our preconceptions. We may dislike someone who resembles one of our teachers, or vote for a man who reminds us of our father. We think athletes should look tough and clergyman gentle. Because Ingrid Bergman and Elizabeth Taylor look like saints we are shocked when they break conventions, yet we marvel that Jayne Mansfield, a siren type, is devoted to domesticity. We expect one kind of behavior from a professional looking man with horn-rimmed spectacles and another from a bearded beatnik.

Curious beliefs about faces

James F. Hickling, of Canadian Personnel Consultants, says, "In business, a great amount of employee selection is actually influenced by stereotypes. The New Yorker guyed this in a cartoon showing two men, identical in appearance, sitting on opposite sides of a desk, with the caption, 'I like your looks, Jones, you're hired.' In the business world people are still very much suckers for the product image, and I have to be constantly on guard against the tendency to judge by appearance."

"For my purposes, the face is useful only because it gives you an idea of the impression a man wants to create. When he makes the most of certain features, wears a certain kind of tie or glasses or moustache, there's a semiconscious attempt to identify with something. This stereotyping process works both ways. If we look like a certain kind of person other people relate to us in a corresponding way and we either internalize it and tend to become it, or react against it. We think men should be rugged, so a little guy may compensate by sticking out his jaw like a bulldog."

Your face and your personality are closely related because your face influences the way people act toward you and the way you yourself behave. A child who is teased about his ugly nose may grow shy and resentful, while another learns to trade on his engaging smile. A girl may compensate for her plainness by developing a pleasant manner, and in turn her friendly, outgoing attitude may lend her face a softness of line and expression.

Because your own face affects the way people treat you, and thus helps to shape your personality, you develop strong feelings about it. No one can view his own face dispassionately. Dr. Bruce Quarrington, associate in the department of psychiatry at the University of Toronto, says, "People cherish curious be-

liefs about their own faces. Quite often people come to us complaining that their voice is strange, high or lisping, and yet they sound perfectly natural. Gradually we find that they really feel that their mouth is weak or their nose too big, and this disturbs them so much that they focus on a less personal complaint like the nonexistent speech disorder."

New York psychoanalyst Dr. Joost Meerloo finds that women who undergo plastic surgery on their faces often feel strangely lost, as though their personality had changed or disappeared. Even small

facial changes — a missing tooth, a black eye, greying hair — are disturbing out of all proportion. Dr. Meerloo explains, "Face and ego are often identified. The nose is the central part of the face. Those who cannot tolerate their noses cannot tolerate their faces, and because of their faces they cannot tolerate themselves."

Our complex and passionate response to faces, our own and others, has a tremendous influence on our behavior. Most of us move from day to day through a sea of faces: faces on subway and streetcar, composed for the ceremony of trav-

eling; faces flashed on television screens, on newspaper pages, the faces of those who direct our destinies or our tastes; faces of our intimates, tender or indignant, charged with emotion, more familiar than our own; and the face we see only in glimpses, caught by a camera or deceptively reversed in a looking glass, the face that marks our individuality for all the world. And whether or not character is really apparent in the face, all of us act on the unconscious assumption that we can read the message written in eyes and flesh and bone. ★

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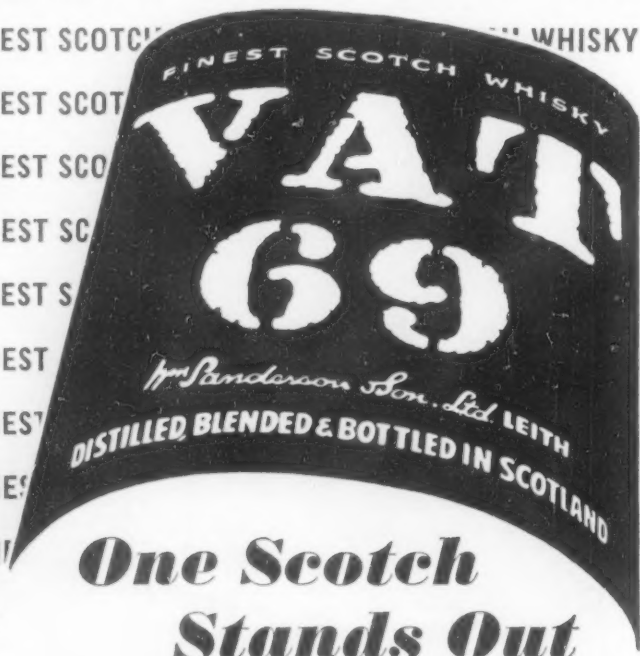
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Continued from page 19

Hees is "a nimble batter on a sticky wicket" who arms himself well for debates in the House

the Conservatives never allotted him any higher parliamentary duty than deputy leader of the public-works caucus and when the clerk of the House, in a 1955 roll call, mistakenly referred to him as "Mister Heel," many PCs pounded their desks with as much delight as the Liberals.

A senior PC who was with Diefenbaker when he was planning his cabinet says that Hees asked for and was appointed to trade and commerce, but his name was withdrawn when some Toronto businessmen, who had found out about the impending appointment, protested the choice on the grounds of Hees' inexperience in business matters.

In the parliamentary session that followed John Diefenbaker's 1957 election victory, the Liberals were certain they could capitalize on Hees' reputation as a trifier to demonstrate to the nation the weakness of the neophyte PC cabinet. "He's a bird-brain and we'll prove it," chortled one Liberal front-bencher. Liberal house leader Lionel Chevrier, who had been a transport minister in the former government, was picked to swing the hatchet.

Chevrier waited until he spotted what he considered to be an obvious Hees' blunder. A foreman had been dismissed from his job with the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority, on Hees' orders, when a Tory MP complained that the man had worked against him during the election campaign. Chevrier angrily protested the dismissal. Hees sheepishly replied that he thought such firings were in line with parliamentary practices.

"I can find nothing in the rules which permits it," Chevrier shot back indignantly. Hees, grinning broadly, next day produced a letter written in 1936 by C. D. Howe approving the firing of a federal dockworker in B.C. for Tory politicking. The Conservatives pounded their desks with delight, and even Paul Martin, the former Liberal minister of national health and welfare, put his head in his hands to hide his guffaws.

Chevrier later remarked: "The minister certainly comes into the House well prepared." W. H. Herridge, the CCF's deputy House leader, has praised Hees for being "a nimble batter on a sticky wicket."

Most Ottawa politicians agree with a recent assessment of Hees by The Times of London as "a man whose personality outstrips his ability," but he is also recognized for effectively carrying his points of view in cabinet and for having the wisdom to rely on his departmental officials to carry out policy. While he does lean heavily on his advisers — particularly Mel Jack, his brilliant executive assistant — Hees has, during the last two years, been studying the anatomy of his sprawling department with the care of a medical student learning the functions of the body.

Now forty-nine, he still looks much more like an athlete than a politician. His two-hundred-pound, six-foot-two-and-a-half-inch body is planted on the ground with a permanent backward lean, as if he were holding the world on a leash. His head bursts out of a perennial-

ly too-tight collar; muscled arms sprout powerfully from a forty-two-inch chest. His skin flushes with the man's splendid health. A meticulously trimmed, now white-sprinkled mustache camouflages the firm set of his lips, just as his tufted brows shield the stubbornness of his direct brown eyes.

Under Hees' polished devil-may-care appearance is an uncompromising sense of discipline. He goes to bed every night by eleven, even when it means having to excuse himself from parties in his own home. He doesn't smoke or gamble and drinks moderately. One habit annoying to his friends is that he chews Dentyne gum all day. "I keep telling him," says Mabel, his vivacious, red-haired wife, "that chewing gum just isn't socially acceptable. But he keeps telling me that it's a lot healthier than smoking."

A major ingredient of Hees' fitness program is a daily swim. As soon as the House of Commons adjourns he walks over to the Chateau Laurier, dives into its sixty-foot-long pool and crawls twenty lengths without a pause. In Toronto, he uses the Granite Club pool. When he's traveling he usually takes his evening dip at the local athletic club. There isn't a YMCA pool in the country that he hasn't sampled. "Swimming to me is a necessary tonic for the tenseness of politics," he says.

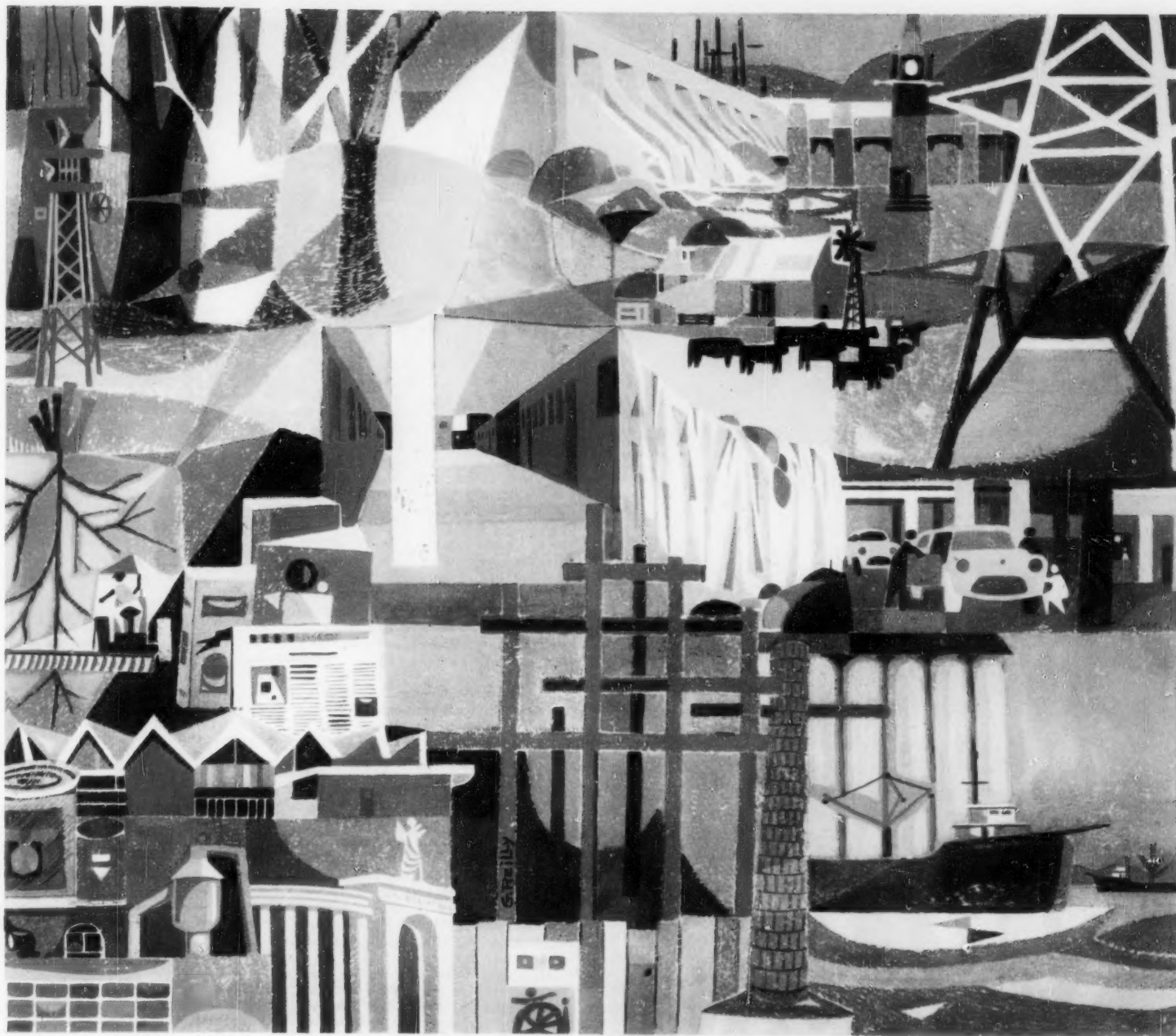
He walks four miles a day

Although he still plays tennis and squash, Hees now prefers golf and skiing. He likes to ski so much that when he was invalided out of World War II with an elbow wound, he asked to have his cast set in a position that would enable him to hold a ski pole. He spent most of his convalescence on the slopes.

Hees so arranges his Ottawa schedule that he can walk at least four miles a day. This involves intentional detours between his parliamentary office and his desk at Transport, in the downtown Hunter Building. He leaves his Chateau Laurier suite at six every morning, takes two or three turns around the grounds of Parliament Hill, then breakfasts at Bowles Restaurant on Sparks Street, arriving at his office just after 7.45. John Diefenbaker, also an early riser, often calls him for a chat.

Hees dictates as many as a hundred letters a day. He refuses to read bulky briefs, passing them to one of his thirteen assistants with the notation: "Shake it down." He launches most of his telephone conversations with a hearty "How-you-doin', it's George HEES!" and punctuates his comments with "Right-e-o, boy!" or "That's a hundred percent!" During the rare gaps in his daily schedule of visitors, Hees catnaps on the couch in his office. "I'm one of the world's greatest sleepers. I fall asleep just like that," he says, snapping his fingers.

His faculty for sleep once placed him in an awkward situation. While being driven to a political rally at Norwood, Ont., a hundred and fifty miles southwest of Ottawa, late in 1957, he fell asleep in the car's back seat. When the automobile



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FOR ME"**

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stopped for gas, he woke up and sauntered over to the service station restaurant for a ham sandwich. He came out to find that the chauffeur, who had assumed that Hees was still dozing in the back, had driven off without him. So, sandwich in hand, Canada's minister of transport tried to hitch a ride. Not a car stopped.

Finally he stepped into the middle of the highway and waved down the next vehicle. When he got to Norwood and asked where the meeting was being held, he was told: "Oh, there's quite a schmozzle down there. The guest speaker didn't show up." The rally was about to break up when Hees strode through the door.

His political duties seldom limit his fun. Last summer, waving a cowboy hat, he led the parade that opened the fiftieth anniversary of the Wainright Stampede. At the Ottawa Philharmonic's 1958 Spring Time Party he rode a dapple grey farm horse called Dan into the Ottawa Coliseum. He was dressed as Prince Charming and his assignment was to rescue Snow White, portrayed by Joyce Davidson, the television star. Hees' costume included a golden tunic which might have been taken for that of a storybook prince, but his pants were definitely those of a twentieth-century RCMP constable. At dress rehearsal, his outsize haunches astride the outsize farm horse had split the rented costume's white-satin pants from knee to knee. Hees frantically telephoned Ottawa Hunt Club members for a replacement, but the only pair of white riding breeches that would fit him were owned by a Liberal who was out of town and whose wife wouldn't lend them to a PC cabinet minister. The RCMP supplied the emergency replacement.

Such panic is not typical of Hees. He rarely leaves even politically irrelevant acts to chance. When he was asked to open Ottawa's 1958 football season by kicking off at the Roughrider-Argonaut game, he took two hours away from work on the morning before the match, to practice. His official kick traveled thirty-two yards, shading the record held previously by Earl Alexander, who as governor-general booted a football thirty-one yards at the 1951 Grey Cup opening in Toronto.

He is equally thorough about learning French. He has employed a private French tutor for seven years and lived part of one summer with a French-Canadian family at Quebec City. During the last election campaign he spent twenty-four days — more than any other English-speaking cabinet minister — touring Quebec. On the day before the election he set off from Quebec City in a chartered helicopter to speak at eleven rallies in seven constituencies. He flew back to his own riding in Toronto just in time to watch the voters give him the greatest majority ever won by a candidate in the constituency's history.

Even at that, his victory in the traditionally Tory Toronto-Broadview riding was less spectacular than the effective way he reorganized the party in 1954 and 1955, in cross-country trips as president of the National Progressive Conservative Association. Hees became association president by defeating Gordon Churchill, the present minister of trade and commerce, who had been put forward as a compromise candidate by the party's Old Guard, which opposed Hees. Hees didn't get much support from parliamentarians, but his popularity with the party's Young Turk element was enough to upset Churchill.

Hees turned the office into a personal crusade to sell his formula for a Conservative election victory: move election campaigns from the halls into the streets

and onto the doorsteps. "On the platform," he pleaded, "we're just talking to the already converted."

He wrote a booklet advocating that PC candidates be promoted "in the same manner that corporations sell a particular brand of automobile or soap." He toured the country, giving what he called his "lecture course in political charm" to any politically inclined Canadians who would listen. He urged men and women who wanted to become PC candidates to find out what the residents in their ridings like to do. "I don't care if they like acrobatics or eating cream cheese — if they like it, give it to them," he preached. "It's about time we realized that people would rather be entertained than educated."

To more conservative Conservatives such tactics were tasteless heresy. Hees made so many speeches on so many subjects that old-line Tories complained he was hewing away from PC policies. Less charitable critics maintained that he didn't even know what the Conservative line was. This assessment has since been changed. Hees was one of the most requested speakers in the 1957 and 1958 campaigns.

While he was head of the PC Association, Hees ignored the earnest advice of

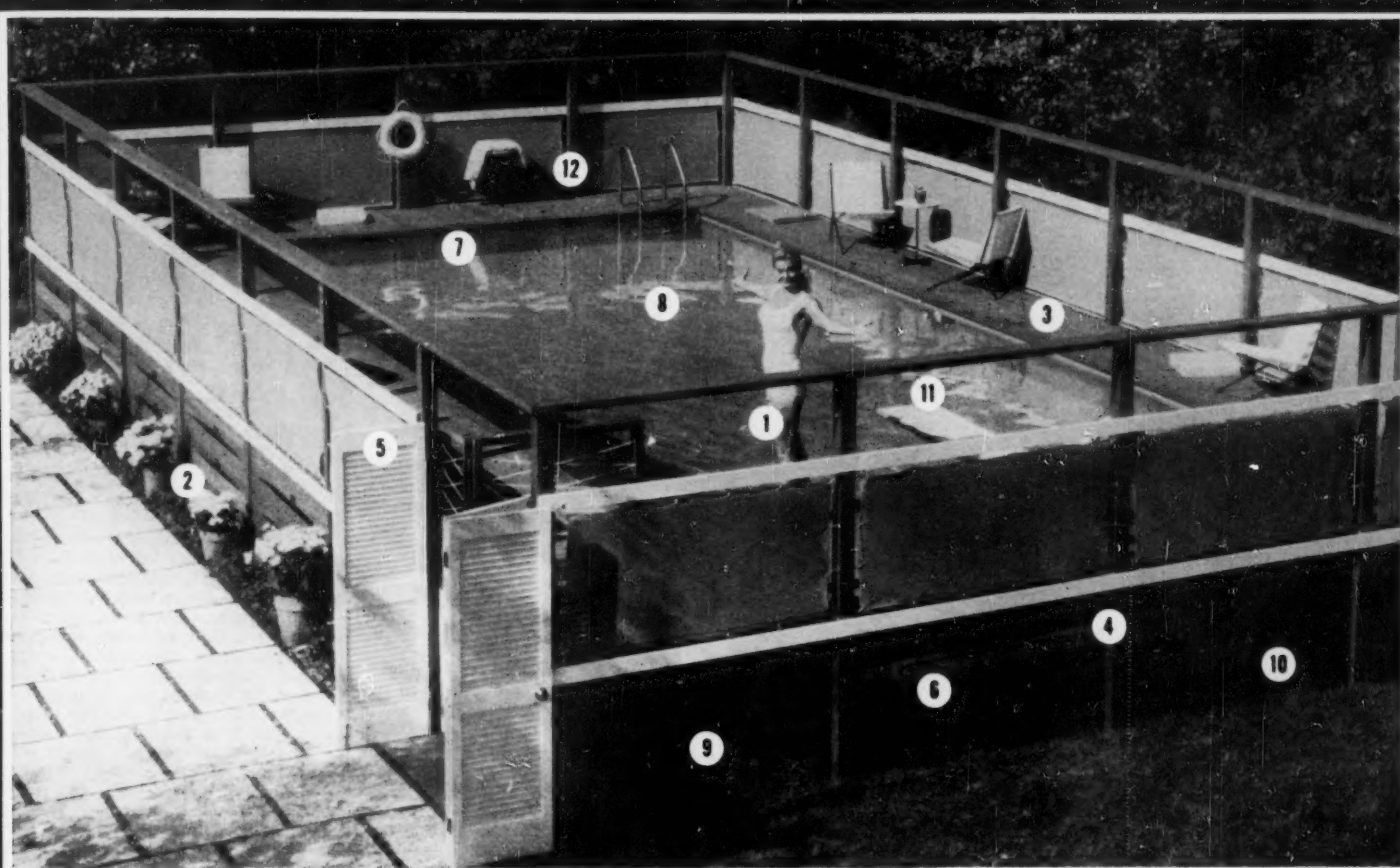


"Now I've lost my caddy!"

his elders in the party to tone down his approach. Much like an itinerant medicine man, he continued his constituency visits, carrying out a political credo which he once described to a friend: "Whenever I see a hand sticking out of a sleeve, I shake it."

On a trip through Saskatchewan with Alvin Hamilton, now the minister of northern affairs but then the PC organizer for that province, Hees gave advance copies of his speeches to the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix, marked with dates of delivery, as no daily was then bothering to send reporters to his meetings. When Hees and Hamilton arrived at Star City, 120 miles northeast of Saskatoon, they were told by Jim Hill, the local organizer, that no hall had been hired because he couldn't find another Conservative in the district. Hees insisted that he had to make the speech — the Saskatoon paper might run its report. Hill rounded up his brother George and the two men sat in the back of Hamilton's car while Hees loudly intoned his address to them. "It was," Hees claims, "the smallest public meeting in Canadian political history."

This kind of determination has been reflected even more flippantly in some of Hees' bets. He once promised to eat his shirt if Elizabeth Janzen, the PC candidate for Waterloo-North was not elected. When she lost, he mounted the steps of Kitchener city hall and told the crowd of two thousand that had gathered for the occasion: "You've heard of nylon,



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Orlon and Dacron—you know, those materials you can do anything with except eat. Well, this shirt is made of Hees-lon, which eliminates that exception!" It turned out to be a shirt-shaped cake with red candy buttons, which Hees distributed among the delighted kids at the edge of the crowd after taking an enormous bite out of its "collar."

In his own riding of Toronto-Broadview, an industrial district in the city's east end, Hees spent the time between elections calling on as many as forty houses a day, shaking hands and discussing PC policies. Probably his most direct service to a constituent was his capture, in 1955, of a man whom he spotted ransacking a house on Lowther Avenue. He tackled the thief and held him until the police arrived.

Hees does not live in his constituency, preferring the comforts of a large stone house on Dunvegan Road in fashionable Forest Hill Village. Despite his obvious popularity with what he calls "the lunch pail vote" in his riding, his background certainly does not fit him as a spokesman for factory workers.

He got his early education at a private school in Port Hope, Ont., then at Royal Military College, Kingston. ("I could picture myself in a scarlet tunic, fighting the enemy, bringing glory to myself and my family.")

Despite his indiscretion of running a car onto the commandant's front lawn on the night of the June Ball in his second year, he graduated among the top seven of his class and enrolled in a political science course at the University of Toronto. When during his second year there, he inherited \$12,694 from his grandmother, he left before getting a degree and spent a year at Cambridge.

Hees first became interested in sports at high school. Although he was barely able to qualify as a spare on the second football team, that taste was enough to make him determined to learn the game. He trained hard and played centre on the inter-collegiate championship Toronto Varsity Blues of 1932. Hees also started to box at university and battled his way to Canada's intercollegiate heavyweight championship. He then decided to tackle some of the rougher amateurs at Maple Leaf Gardens, but in his first fight he was knocked out in one and a half minutes by Bill Maitch, a free-swinging heavyweight from Brantford, Ont. As the crowd cheered his defeat, Hees resolved to become a good boxer. Chosen to represent Cambridge in its annual tournament with Oxford, he was amused to see the fight billed as:

LORD DAVID DOUGLAS HAMILTON
Eton and Balliol
vs.
GEORGE HEES
Toronto

"After that," he says, "I had to win." He knocked out Lord Hamilton, a six-foot-six concrete block of a man, in three rounds, then, in the traditional victory salute of North American boxing, paraded about the ring with arms clasped above his head. The crowd was shocked into silence. Billy Childs, the Cockney who was Cambridge's trainer, severely reprimanded the young champion.

"Mister 'Ees," he said, "that was a shocking display of emotionalism. I would far rather you 'ad lost the bout." Hees later defeated Lieutenant Cooper, the Imperial Services heavyweight champ.

After he returned to Canada in 1934, Hees married Mabel Dunlop, the daughter of Ontario's provincial treasurer, joined his father's Toronto draperies firm and signed up as a defensive line-backer with

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
A GARDEN IN THE SEA

the Toronto Argonauts. He starred on the 1938 team that won the Grey Cup, then retired from football to devote his full time to the family business.

Hees maintained the connection he had established with the army at Royal Military College by becoming a member of the Toronto militia. At the outbreak of war he was called up as a lieutenant in the Third Anti-Tank Battalion. After serving with distinction in the Normandy landings, he was promoted to brigade major of the Fifth Canadian Infantry Brigade. His last action was a combination of the brashness and wild luck that have characterized his life. It happened during the Canadian advance along the Walcheren Island Causeway, off Antwerp. Hees was leading an infantry charge with his revolver tucked inside his battle-dress tunic. "Then I felt something go through my elbow and passed out." When doctors removed his pistol they found it has been cocked by the impact of a German bullet. The revolver had served as a shield, and the shot that might have entered his stomach had been deflected to cause only a minor elbow wound.

While Hees was home on convalescent leave, George Drew, then leader of the Ontario Conservatives, asked him to make a speech in the by-election being bitterly fought in the western Ontario constituency of Grey North. The Liberal candidate was General A. G. McNaughton, the former commander of the First Canadian Army, who had been appointed by Mackenzie King as his minister of national defense. The by-election was the first expression of voting opinion regarding King's policy of limiting overseas reinforcements to volunteers, a measure designed to keep anti-conscription Quebec within the Liberal Party. McNaughton dismissed attacks on King's policy as nothing more than "political football."

Pleads for more soldiers

Hees was one of several army officers imported by the Conservatives to give eye-witness accounts of overseas troop shortages. He strode into the last election meeting at the Owen Sound town hall in uniform, his wounded arm strapped grotesquely under an army walking coat. His empty right sleeve undulating with the passion of his plea, he described how in his job as brigade major he had been forced by the manpower shortage to order into combat cooks and postal-corps men untrained for fighting.

McNaughton, who was badly beaten in the election two days later, demanded that Hees be court-martialed for political activity while in uniform. King interceded, pointing out that it would only make Hees a popular martyr. In the general election that followed a few months later, King allowed the armed services to grant special leave for officers and men who wanted to campaign.

Hees ran in that election as the PC candidate for Toronto-Spadina, but he was trounced by the Liberal candidate, David Croll, a former Ontario cabinet minister. He went back briefly to the family business, but when Tommy Church, the PC who had represented Toronto-Broadview for sixteen years, died in 1950, Hees managed to beat Ralph Day, a former mayor of Toronto, for the nomination, and in September of that year he won the seat in a by-election.

Soon afterward, the Hees family business, which was begun by George's grandfather and namesake in 1880, and which grew into Canada's largest manufacturer of draperies, window shades

and Venetian blinds, was sold to a Bay Street syndicate for three million dollars.

Gilbert Jackson, a Toronto economist, now looks after George Hees' investments, leaving him free to devote all his time to politics. He lives most of the year in his Chateau Laurier suite. The Hees have three daughters. Only one of them, seventeen-year-old Roslyn, is still at home in Toronto. Twenty-three-year-old Catherine is an usherette in Carnegie Hall in New York and is studying ballet; twenty-one-year-old Martha is taking graduate work in economics at the Uni-

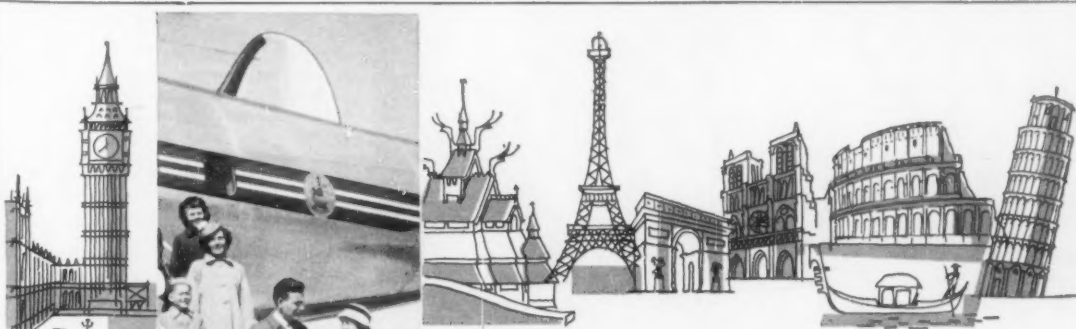
versity of Western Ontario, in London.

Hees' wife Mabel (called "Mibs" by her friends) divides her time between Toronto and Ottawa. "I really live on the night train," she says.

Hees refuses to speculate about his political future. "When you have as good a prime minister as John Diefenbaker," he says, "you just don't think in terms of any other leader." Although Hees considered himself as a serious candidate for party leadership when George Drew retired in 1956, a quick swing through western Canada convinced him he could

not muster significant support. He then became a ground-floor Diefenbaker man, but did his best to implant the idea that he was a kind of crown prince—that he would be to Diefenbaker what Nixon is to Eisenhower.

It's too early to speculate about the future leadership of the Conservative party. But his friends insist that Hees is already extending the mulish resolution which has carried him this far into a campaign that will make him the candidate to beat when the time comes to pick Diefenbaker's successor. ★



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My space-age flight on a Bomarc

Continued from page 15

Youngsters around Cape Canaveral can identify each rocket according to the shape of its fins

of missilemen who had worked on the Sparrow, an air-to-air missile that was canceled last September. So far the only missile business the firm has landed has been the manufacture of wings and ailerons for all Bomarc, an enterprise which employs only two hundred of the plant's ninety-five hundred workers.

After dinner that first night in Florida, Bob Perry brought out a model of the Bomarc and he and the other Boeing men talked about their bird with pride. Perry told me that the SAGE operator who pressed the button that sent a Bomarc on a recent successful mission off the cape had sat in a control room fifteen hundred miles away in Kingston, N.Y. Canada will get a SAGE installation to direct its two Bomarc bases which will be at La Macaza, a hundred and thirty miles north of Montreal, and at North Bay in Ontario.

As he put the model back in the bookcase Perry said to me, "Wait till you see that airplane you're going to fly in. They've put so much electronic equipment on it that the centre of gravity is about five feet in front of the nose." He grinned. "As a matter of fact it flies very well although we baffled the air force for a while. They wondered what we were."

The next morning we went down the missile coast to Cape Canaveral, past Patrick Air Force Base, the hangars and test centres of contractors like Convair, Westinghouse, and of course Boeing, who are working on missiles and other space equipment. We drove through the boom town of Cocoa Beach, past motels with space-age names such as Vanguard, Satellite and Sea Missile. On the lawns of some of the new bungalows stood war-surplus telescopes that have enabled the children of the district to recognize a rocket by its fins faster than they can identify a new car.

The cape itself is guarded at the south and north by gates and guards, but these didn't prevent four elderly women from driving through recently while the guards were interrogating another carload. They were from the Audubon society and had heard the cape was a good place to observe certain rare birds.

Although it is impossible to enter the test area without elaborate clearances, certified by large round lapel badges of the kind worn by convention delegates, complete secrecy is hard to maintain with enterprises as obvious as rockets. At the word of an impending big shoot, when a bird is being aimed at the moon or some other suburb in space, the news permeates the beaches like the smell of deep fried shrimp on Saturday night. Picnic parties gather on the beach the way they do at Toronto Island in the fall to watch the fireworks at the Canadian National Exhibition.

The cape itself is a flat boomerang-shaped sandspit of fourteen thousand acres cut off from the mainland by the Banana River. It is covered with palmetta scrub and shrubs and in places is redolent with the candied, improbable fragrance of sweet clover. In other places the low vegetation has been scorched by the hot fragments of "aborted" missiles that

have received the electrical "destruct" order in midair and have been blown up.

Amid the towering red and white gantry cranes, which act as cages for the birds until they are ready to fly, squat the bunkers from which the shoots are observed, although bleachers have been set up at more distant points from the launching pads. In the Boeing hangar, full of unassembled Bomarc, I met Glen Rhodes, a former bomber pilot who served in the Mediterranean Theatre during World War II.

Rhodes explained the composition of a Bomarc base — such as Canada will get. The first in the U.S., in New Jersey, is just being completed. Four more are under construction, not counting the two planned for Canada.

The birds, twenty-eight to a flight, are housed one each to a shelter which permits the forty-seven-foot missile to lie flat. When the alert button is pressed the Bomarc rises to a vertical position and in less than two minutes is airborne. The process, while it is automatic, can be halted or aborted at almost any point. In the air the bird can be blown up at any time if there should be any late doubt in the mind of the human operator about the desirability of a "kill." This could happen if the men on the ground decided that the interception of an incoming bomber was going to take place too close to a built-up area — which could be as lethal as a bombing itself, Rhodes explained.

Later in Ottawa I talked about this to RCAF officers who had been working on the program. Each Canadian Bomarc base would be staffed by two hundred and thirty officers and men. Forty RCAF engineering officers have been going back and forth to Seattle keeping in touch with the Bomarc, which the RCAF always figured it would get some time, ever since its development began ten years ago. These experts will help train crews whose



MACLEAN'S

job it will be to ensure that the birds are fit and ready.

When Rhodes had finished his briefing on the cape and we had both finished our coffee, he got up and said, "Now, how about having a look at one of them?"

Out on the pad a crew was working on the black bird lying on its side. The long preparation for a shoot had begun as the technician checked each part of the apparatus against the Go-No Go of missilery. These three words, Go-No Go, are the Open (or Close) Sesame of our age. We live each day by them. Here on the launching pad the three words are used as part of a test procedure, but one day the president of the United States, presumably after a brief courtesy call to Ottawa, may have to say the first two or the last four letters of this fateful symbol and say them as an order.

"This is the last Bomarc A we will be testing," Rhodes told me. "With the new B we can refuel, using a solid propellant, much more quickly. Using liquids it takes a day to prepare a second missile, but in the event of war it probably wouldn't make any difference. You would win the war or lose it — that day."

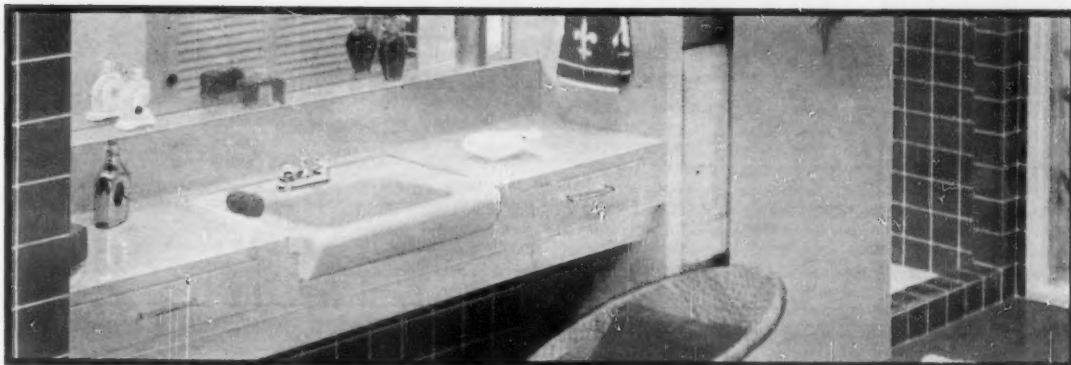
As we walked away from the shelter toward the bunker three B-17s, the famous Flying Fortresses of World War II, flew overhead. They were so low you could see that the aircraft in the middle of the V, a battered streaked veteran, was tenantless. "A drone going out on the range," said Rhodes. The range stretches far out in the Caribbean, right down to Ascension Island. Here on the Cape are the last of these proud and honest airplanes. Soon they will all be gone, shot down in the interest of science. However, there are plenty of other airplanes available, new jet bombers which are rapidly becoming obsolete as the intercontinental missiles loom larger and uglier in mankind's ingenious plan to destroy itself.

Rhodes explained that when Perry flew the Goat against a target, the target would probably be one of these old Forts. Due to weather and earlier commitments our flight was postponed a couple of times until one day about noon the pilot took off his glasses, got up from his desk and said, "Let's blast off." He picked up a piece of paper and dropped it again on his desk. Perry is not his happiest at a desk. He handles memos with the air of a man picking up a bloodstained knife.

Out on the tarmac the ground crew had our part missile, part plane in position. It looked dark, squat and self-conscious about its long nose. We had stripped down to our shorts before putting on the nylon flying suits. Perry's was a vivid orange. Mine was an olive drab coverall.

The sky was blue in spots, the best day of the week. "It's a nice day at thirty thousand," said Perry, and went over to the control tower to file his flight plan while the crew began the laborious task of lengthening the seat and parachute straps for the passenger, because he was bigger than Bob Johnson, the regular observer. "Tourists," one of the hostlers muttered as he sweated with the stubborn webbing. Even with the canopy raised, the cockpit was hot and full of the sweet metallic smell military aircraft have.

By the time Perry came back the passenger had been briefed on the escape procedure. "Pull the left handle to tighten your shoulder straps. Pull the right one to blow the canopy and this trigger to eject yourself. This ball here will start up your emergency oxygen supply. If you have to get out you will be fired free with the seat which will fall free and your parachute will open automatically at a safe altitude. Oh, and don't forget to put your feet in these stirrups just before you go," said Johnson.



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Perry was back by now and he looked in at the passenger, so trussed up by now that he could scarcely wipe away the sweat that was streaming down his helmet and bouncing off his oxygen mask. "If we've got to get out you go fast or you'll get tromped to death in the rush," he said. Then he settled into the front cockpit obscured from the passenger's view by the high pommel of an instrument panel. The canopy settled into place. Perry switched on his radio. His breathing sounded stertorous. "You okay?" he asked.

"I think probably I should go to the washroom," said the passenger. "You go to hell," said Perry. "Fire one."

The starboard engine was enveloped in a cloud of greasy black smoke.

"Looks like it's on fire, but that's the gunpowder we use in the starting charge," said the pilot.

Then he went into the litany of his cockpit check. When he was finished he called the tower for taxi clearance and we were ready to go. The young Canadians from the house waved encouragement to

us and the Black Goat began to move.

We paused at the end of the runway and then the word came from the tower: "Clear to take off 497."

"Roger," said Perry to the tower, and —to the passenger—"All set?" The passenger gulped and replied "Roger," although he felt foolish saying it because it didn't really make any difference whether he was ready or not. After a short run the twin-engined bomber had its wheels tucked up.

"I like to hold it off the deck like this, just a few feet up, in case anything goes

wrong. Then you can slam it down," said Perry.

The last time I had seen a take-off like this was when a young RCAF pilot tried it with an elderly Bolingbroke before he had quite attained flying speed and it had sagged into the runway on its belly into a shower of sparks and reprimands. Most jet pilots on take-off are inclined to "hot rod" or start climbing sharply. Perry had a reputation for caution. He also had charge of a unique and priceless test aircraft.

With a little grunt, magnified by the sensitive intercom, he pulled back on the half wheel that was the stick and we began to climb. The clock showed an air speed of one hundred and eighty miles an hour.

At thirty thousand feet we were looking down on the cloud layer which had appeared smooth from the ground but now looked nubbly and tufted like an enormous candlewick bedspread. Above us the sky was blue-black even in the noonday sun and against this background two aircraft, almost too small to be seen, chalked their progress with white vapor trails.

Perry immediately identified them as B-47s, part of Strategic Air Command's around-the-clock operational readiness. He had test-flown hundreds of them after they had come off the Boeing line in Wichita.

A legend of the cape

To our right the outline of Lake Okechobee and beyond the needle nose were Vero Beach, where the Brooklyn Dodgers used to prepare to lose the World Series, and beyond that was Palm Beach where the vacationers were regarding their first drink of the day with a boiled eye. Inside the cockpits the air conditioning had reduced the temperature pleasantly.

"We sometimes get requests from people to scatter the ashes of relatives from the airplane, but we turn them down," said Perry. "I don't want to scatter any ashes, particularly my own." Later I asked about one of the cape's few legends which had attached itself to the Bomarc. When a well-liked mathematician on the project, Mollie McGrew, died some of her sentimental associates were reported to have put her ashes in one of the birds that was being tested. "Nice story, but no," said Glen Rhodes, although he admitted the fable persisted.

We were flying straight and level now at slightly more than thirty thousand when Frank Silhan, operating the ground station with Fred May, called us.

"Hello 497 — have a bogey at seventeen thousand feet bearing two-ninety degrees, range thirty-five miles, your course two-forty. Over."

Perry acknowledged the transmission, which was also being fed into the directional equipment on the airplane electronically. "Okay," he said to me. "They've got a target for us." The Black Goat yawned slightly as he pulled it on course. "This will be a crossing intercept. The target is flying straight and level and if we hold this course we will cross its path. Here's a correction now."

Behind his voice Silhan was altering our course slightly. "Range thirty miles —you're closing fast," said the man on the ground. While we were staring into the sky he was peering at the unearthly green face of the radar scope miles and miles below. He knew better than we did what was going on. Two dots were on his scope, one representing our Bomarc-plane and one our target plane. We were on a collision course.

"We're closing—closing," said Perry. "I'm flying the ship, of course, but all

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the dope is coming in just as though we were an actual missile. We're almost on it . . ."

"Dive zero," said Silhan with all the uncontrolled excitement of a Montreal streetcar conductor announcing "Guy—Ghee."

"Here we go," said Perry and flicked the bomber's tail in the air as we dived. The altimeter unwound like a fisherman's spinning reel. I tried desperately to see the target but it could not be seen for a cloud bank that was rising to meet us.

"It's in there?" I asked.

"That's what the man says," replied Perry as the first torn wisps of cloud whipped past the windscreen. "But this is as far as we go," he added as he pulled the nose up.

Now we were back at thirty thousand. "When the missile dives it locks on to the target and even though the man in the target plane could take evasive action the target seeker in our nose would take us straight in on him. During the last dive the Bomarc is on its own, independent of the ground although it can always be deliberately blown up," Perry explained. "Here's the ground station."

"You passed right over it," Silhan reported.

"If we hadn't broken off we would have flown right up his exhaust," said Perry.

"That's not necessary. I get the point," I said.

"Let's get another target," said the pilot. In a few minutes Silhan's radar sweeping the sky had found a military aircraft approaching us. A slight variation was all that was needed to put us on a head-on collision course.

The interception was soon over, for the combined speed of the two airplanes—target and simulated missile—was close to the speed of sound.

"Dive zero," came the command again, at the point where the Bomarc, as an unmanned missile automatically locks on. This time the nose dropped as sharply as though it had fallen off. While there was no normal sensation of speed my insides were grateful when Perry said, "Got to pull out—I can't dive this thing any longer." The speed had built up to five hundred and fifty miles an hour, close to the safe limit for the aircraft. We wheeled in a sixty-degree arc around the target which continued its unperturbed course.

Perry had come closer this time for the intercept had been made in the clear and from a point halfway through the dive he had been able to see the target and avoid it at the last moment. A Bomarc would have come in at twice the speed of sound and with a built-in desire to destroy anything it approached either with a nuclear or conventional warhead made sensitive by a proximity fuse that does not require contact to fire it.

"How was that?" asked Perry.

"I'm impressed," said the passenger. "It works."

"I didn't want to come any closer because a collision, especially a mid-air collision, can spoil your whole day," said Perry.

The passenger agreed. "Ready to go home now?" asked the pilot. The passenger was ready. He had seen how the Bomarc stalks and grapples with its prey. He had even seen the sun. Besides his back was tired.

As the black bomber dropped down toward the landing strip he had one more panoramic view of the Cape shrouded in mystery and cloud. Over there amid strange space-age shapes deadly new birds were being bred that would soon make this Bomarc, for all its sophistication, as primitive as a slingshot. ★

Is Pope John changing the Catholic church? continued from page 13

"Not for a hundred years have the people of Rome seen so much of a Pope"

Rome church after another and even walked on foot with other worshipers in Holy Week processions.

John XXIII has, moreover, announced his intention of visiting, sooner or later, in his capacity of Bishop of Rome, all of

the Italian capital's one hundred and ninety-two parish churches. Not since old Pius IX used to stroll the streets of Rome a hundred years ago, striking up argumentative conversations with tradesmen and workers, have the people seen so

much of a pope. To the distress of the capital's police force, the Pope has even been guilty of causing several severe traffic jams.

Another way the new Pope has broken recent precedent has been to ignore the



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old unwritten dictum that the pontiff should always eat alone. The last six or seven popes have customarily eaten in solitary splendor.

John XXIII tried that, too, for the first week of his reign. "But after that," he told his staff, "I could stand it no longer. I have searched the gospels and can find no command that one should eat alone. When I eat alone I feel like a seminarist being punished."

The result is that visiting bishops, old friends and relatives now quite frequently receive invitations to lunch. The Pope

especially likes to have at his table people from his home town of Bergamo, in north Italy, and from Venice, where he served as cardinal-patriarch before becoming pope. Only recently, for example, His Holiness invited to lunch the old caretaker of the Patriarchal Palace at Venice and his wife. The papal kitchen is presided over, incidentally, by sixty-year-old Sister Paola, of the Order of the Poor Little Ones of Bergamo, aided by thirty-two-year-old Sister Rosa. The good sisters are expert in preparing the Pontiff's favorite polenta-with-game dishes of

Lombardy. The generous proportions of John XXIII confirm the fact that he is no stranger to the dinner table, and he himself does not try to deny it. He once said: "A good table and a fine cellar are great assets."

Under the new Pope the Vatican is a much livelier and freer place than formerly. The old pope was, in his late years, most reluctant to make appointments. Many offices remained unfilled, with the result that perhaps half the apartments in the vast Apostolic Palace remained vacant for years on end. But

John XXIII, almost immediately upon his election to St. Peter's Chair, began filling the vacant posts, with the result that the Vatican now literally teems with activity. Even a casual visitor to St. Peter's Square these nights can notice how brightly lit are the once-dark windows of the Apostolic Palace.

Pius XII, despite the many thousands he received in audiences, became more and more withdrawn until in late years he disliked having anybody around except his most trusted intimates. For example, when he went for his customary walk every afternoon in the Vatican gardens he ordered that all workmen and other personnel leave the premises. To make sure there were no eavesdroppers, even from afar, he also closed the roof of St. Peter's and suspended elevator service to the dome of the basilica during certain hours. At times during those years the inner Vatican acquired the silence of a cemetery.

But all that is past now. Significantly, the new Holy Father not only has ordered the workmen to keep on with their jobs when he takes his strolls, but he makes a habit of stopping and talking with them. His Holiness has simultaneously ordered that elevator service to St. Peter's roof be continued throughout the day. Meanwhile, the Pope makes a habit of dropping in unannounced at the various offices of his one-hundred-and-eight-acre domain. One morning he called at the Vatican Radio; another time he wanted to see the type being set at L'Osservatore Romano; still another time he dropped in to see how the Vatican grocery functioned. The Pontiff really broke precedent one day by walking in through the front gates of St. Peter's. When members of his staff pleaded that a pope should traditionally be carried into that imposing basilica on his *sedia gestatoria*, the Pope is said to have answered: "Please let me use my legs as long as I can."

Press relations improved

Not the least important change in the new pontificate has been the improved treatment of the press. The old regime's public relations policy left much to be desired. Vatican affairs seemed beclouded in an abnormal secrecy. It was often difficult for a resident newspaperman of Rome to come by the most elementary and basic information. To get around this there had sprung up a rather tawdry and quite unsatisfactory system whereby the various news agencies and newspapers put minor clergy and minor Vatican officers on their payrolls as informers.

This system, it must be admitted, still holds; old habits die hard. But at least, under the new Pope, there are some signs of a new and more cordial attitude toward the press. One of the first audiences granted by the new Pope was to correspondents who had covered the conclave which elected him. Similarly, in an unprecedented move, the new secretary of state, Domenico Cardinal Tardini, paid a formal call on the Foreign Correspondents' Association of Rome.

These changes in atmosphere at the Vatican have led to endless conjecture: is the church itself changing? Partly the change is one of personality. In background and character Giuseppe Roncalli is quite a different man from his predecessor, Eugenio Pacelli. Partly, also, the change is one of policy. Policies which seemed to apply twenty years ago, when Pacelli became pope, no longer seem quite as effective.

The most conspicuous difference between the old and the new popes can perhaps be seen in the type of families from



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which the two sprang. The Pacellis have long been petty Roman nobility, one of them made a prince under the government of the late Benito Mussolini. The old Pope's nephews moved — and still move — in the most fashionable circles of Roman society. In contrast, the Roncallis have long been peasants in north Italy. The new Pope's nearest kin are dirt farmers who earn their living by tilling the soil. It is impossible to imagine any of them with a title.

The careers and education of the two popes were also quite different. Pius XII never attended a seminary, never was a parish priest and never filled a bishopric. His entire career in the church was as a bureaucrat or a diplomat. John XXIII, by contrast, not only attended a seminary but served both as a parish priest and as a chaplain in the Italian army.

Pacelli spent many fruitful years as Papal Nuncio to Germany, where he learned good German and acquired a taste for German music and an interest in German politics. Roncalli spent his diplomatic years either in the Balkans or in France, where he learned to speak excellent French and acquired a taste for things Gallic.

The most basic difference in the two men can perhaps be noted in their manner of work. Pacelli was the meticulous administrator, very exacting, seldom satisfied with the work of his subordinates, insistent on crossing all the t's and dotting all the i's himself. Roncalli, on the other hand, is a great delegator of work. He pays scant attention to details, bothers little about how a thing is accomplished, is inclined to lay down general principles and let others work out the ways and means.

As any good business manual explains, too much attention to detail does not make a good executive. Thus there can be no doubt that John XXIII must be considered by most standards by far the better administrator. During the late years of Pius XII's reign the church's administrative machinery had deteriorated considerably. Not only was there no proper head to many of the Vatican's departments, but many officials in high places were simply unable to see the Holy Father, even on important questions. The story is told that on one occasion even Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, waited around the Vatican in vain for weeks trying to see Pius XII.

During those years power at the Vatican was concentrated in the hands of a group of four or five aging Italian cardinals. Heading this group was Nicola Cardinal Canali, who was the pope's viceroy for Vatican State and also acted as chairman of the pontifical commission in charge of the Holy See's considerable capital investments. More important still, Canali sat on nine of the twelve different sacred congregations of the Holy See and thus had an important say in all the major decisions made since the end of the last war.

Cardinal Canali's closest collaborator during those years was Giuseppe Cardinal Pizzardo, head of the Holy Office and a member altogether of some seven congregations. The third member of this group was Clemente Cardinal Micara, whose

chief job was that of vicar general of the Diocese of Rome but who also belonged to seven or eight congregations.

The fourth — and perhaps most interesting — member of the Canali group was the Vatican's chief theorist, Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani. It was Ottaviani, in fact, rather than Pizzardo, who has been for the last decade the real power of the Holy Office, which is easily the most important of the congregations. The Holy Office acts as protector of the faith, judges and condemns heresies, lays down decrees of conduct for the good Catholic and is

guardian of the famous Index of banned books.

As vice-prefect of the Holy Office, Cardinal Ottaviani was the author of most of the controversial decisions emanating from the Vatican during the postwar years. A few years ago, Ottaviani ruled that Catholics ought not to belong to Rotary (this ruling was later modified, on objection by the American bishops). He also once made a speech in which he set forth the argument that Protestants could not expect to have equal rights with Catholics in a Catholic country. It was

Ottaviani's eloquence which persuaded the old pope in 1949 to sign a decree denying the sacraments to practicing Communists. This decree has recently been followed by another which excommunicates even fellow-travelers or those who would form a popular front with the Communists.

The former decree has never been enforceable at the village level in Europe, and has thus been long considered a virtual dead letter. Both lay and clerical circles in Rome, therefore, were rather surprised and perplexed when the present Pope signed this latest Ottaviani ruling.

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This latest move apparently applies mainly to a very local situation in Sicily, where rebels of the Christian Democratic Party have recently teamed up with Socialists and Communists against the majority of the Christian Democratic Party. But it would not seem to apply at all in a place like, for example, Poland, assuredly a much more important place for Roman Catholicism than Sicily.

Many of Cardinal Ottaviani's ideas seem tailor-made for Italy rather than the outside world. His pronouncements, in fact, usually have to do with the Italian

political situation. His entire career, in fact, has been spent in his native Rome. Critics of Ottaviani—and there are many in the Vatican—say that although he is able and vigorous, he fails to realize that the church in the New World has no problems like infiltration by communism such as beset the church in Europe, and that a ruling which seems perfectly valid for Italy is perplexing, to say the least, in a place like Canada. The postwar threat of communism, which perhaps has been more serious in Italy than in any other country in western Europe, has apparent-

ly colored Ottaviani's thinking. At any rate, Vatican gossip has it that to give him broader experience far from home John XXIII chose Ottaviani as his own personal representative at the forthcoming celebrations next autumn of the tercentenary of the founding of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Canada.

A part of the reason why the Canali group was able to wield such great influence in the Vatican was that Pius XII was loathe to broaden the base of the Roman Curia by appointing new cardinals. During the late years of the Pacelli reign

there were only twelve or thirteen cardinals, all told, in the Curia, and several of them were too old to carry out their jobs. A group of four or five determined prelates thus constituted a cohesive force strong enough to impose their will on most issues. Obviously one of the pressing needs of the church was to inject new and younger blood into the Sacred College.

The Roncalli candidacy was attractive for many reasons. Cardinal Roncalli had taken no intransigent stand on any public question. He was considered neither too leftist nor too rightist. He had steered clear of the obvious cliques in the Vatican, and had particularly never identified himself with the Canali group, whose political complexion during late years had been one of arch-conservatism. He had had a brilliant diplomatic career in France, and had endeared himself to the French prelates, who were, incidentally, to become the driving force of the conclave. But perhaps the chief reason why Cardinal Roncalli was elected pope was that he had also a rich experience in the administration of parishes and dioceses and could be expected to do a little needed housekeeping for the church.

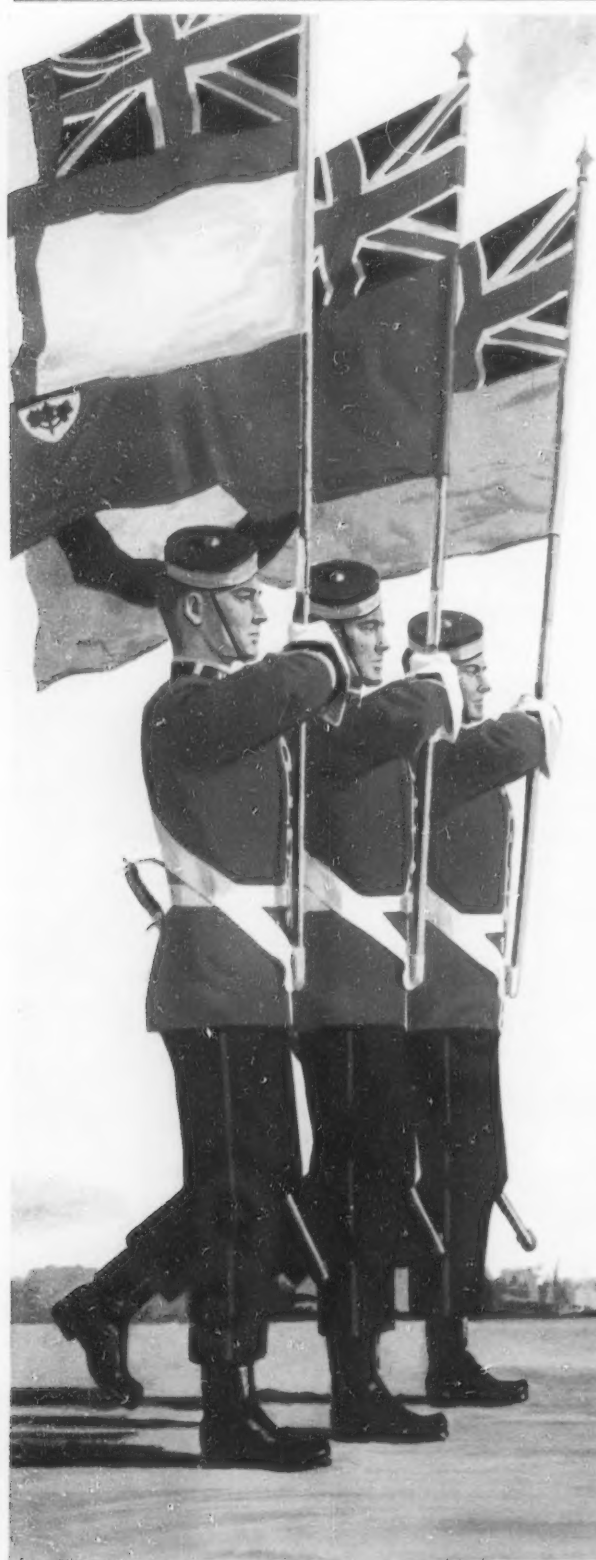
John XXIII did not disappoint his supporters. Immediately after his election he began filling most of the Vatican's vacant posts. For the first time in fourteen years the Holy See had a new cardinal secretary of state. More to the point, within two months of his election the Pope had created twenty-three new cardinals, thus bringing the strength of the Sacred College of Cardinals to well over the traditional seventy. The new Pope quickly re-instituted the regularly scheduled audiences of cardinals and heads of orders and let it be known that he was accessible to all. Instead of a skeleton force of a bare dozen cardinals at the church's headquarters in Rome, the strength of the Roman Curia was doubled to twenty-four. With this additional personnel, particularly at the top, the Vatican during the past six months has hummed with unaccustomed activity.

No complacency in Europe

Until such time as the new Pope chooses to issue his first encyclical, now expected sometime in late summer, it will be impossible to say with certainty what will be his policy toward big social and political problems. But certain guesses can be hazarded. Left and right are deceptive terms to use when speaking of the Vatican, and any notion that under John XXIII the Vatican has turned toward the left is far wide of the mark. But there are some signs of liberalization of method if not policy.

The Vatican attitude toward governments differs not only from country to country but from continent to continent. As far as North America is concerned, John XXIII is said to feel that there are few problems that cannot be settled by the bishops on the spot. The Vatican would prefer that countries like Canada, Australia and the United States maintain regular diplomatic relations with the Holy See. But there is no intention to press the point and, in fact, Vatican officials will admit that the present loose, informal system works quite well.

It is in a Europe split right down the middle between Communist-run states and countries run on the free enterprise system that the Vatican feels that no complacency can be permitted. Especially in Italy, where can be found the largest Communist party in the world outside Russia and China, the Vatican feels that not to make its influence felt would be tantamount to criminal negligence. The question, as the Vatican sees it, is not



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one of interference or non-interference in politics. Rather, the question is one of survival or non-survival of a way of life.

There can thus be no doubt whatever that the Vatican is in Italian politics. Up until now, however, this has been done through open support—and more or less open management, too—of the Italian Christian Democratic Party, which has ruled the country since the war. This has now turned out to be a little like putting all one's eggs in one basket, and has recently resulted in several near-defeats of Vatican policy. As one indication of the new flexibility of approach that John XXIII has brought to his high office, the Vatican seems now to be reconsidering its tactics. It is quite probable that the Vatican will decide that other non-Communist parties in Italy can also be trusted with power.

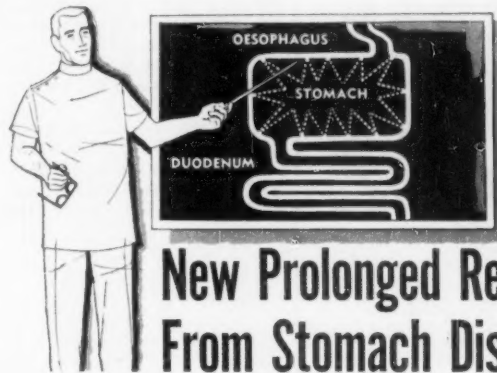
The problem of the church behind the Iron Curtain is particularly knotty, requiring constant revision. Should the church stubbornly oppose these Communist regimes, and therefore run the risk of persecution for her communicants, or should the church try to get the best deal possible and hope for something better in the future? The question is especially complicated in Poland, where a powerful church opposition might conceivably even overturn the government—and, incidentally, risk bringing about direct Russian intervention. Since becoming pope, John XXIII has had many long sessions with his old friend, Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, primate of Poland, presumably on this very problem. A decision seems to have been taken to extend limited co-operation to the Gomulka government.

In perhaps the most dramatic and characteristic move of the new pontificate, the Pope has announced his intention of summoning an ecumenical council on Christian unity. A papal bull outlining the problems and defining more clearly the scope of this council will probably be issued sometime later this year or early next. Meanwhile, it can only be surmised that the chief aim of this meeting will be one of trying to smooth the way for union with Rome of some of the autonomous communities of the Eastern Orthodox Church.

A great deal of unwarranted optimism has been expressed about this council. But at the Vatican almost nobody expects that any of the main branches of Eastern orthodoxy, such as the churches of Russia, Rumania or Bulgaria, would be allowed by the Communist governments to unite with Rome. Similarly, nobody is optimistic that a way can be found at this point to bring together the great body of Protestantism with Roman Catholicism. But there are many small historic Christian communities of the Near East and Africa which, it is believed, might now be ready to join with Rome, provided assurances were given that their local customs would be respected. To get them back into the fold would be the first big step in the reconciliation between East and West.

There can be no question of revision of what the church calls her great truths, the dogmas. Similarly, the Church's stand on such questions as birth control and divorce is not regarded as a proper subject for compromise or barter. Any religious body returning to Rome would, moreover, have to accept the sovereignty and infallibility of the Pope. But liturgy and certain disciplines of the church can be relaxed and changed. For example, the thousand-year-old discipline of celibacy for the clergy can certainly be modified, as indeed it already has been modified on certain occasions. The Roman Catholic Church even now lists numerous married priests in its Eastern rite and a

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few even in the Latin rite. One of the proposals certain to come before the forthcoming ecumenical council will be that of creating a lower, married clergy. Such married priests, it is thought, would be especially valuable in serving sparsely settled, out-of-the-way communities such as can be found in Canada's vast north.

Some old Vatican hands say that the most profound change of the new pontificate is the hardest to put one's finger on. It is simply that there now exists a broader, more tolerant attitude on the part of the Roman Catholic Church toward the other religious communities of the Western world. The mere probability that rep-

resentatives of other faiths will be invited to attend, in one capacity or another, the forthcoming council represents in itself a considerable concession. One tiny but quite significant event took place on Good Friday of this year, when His Holiness repeated at Holy Week ceremonies the traditional invocation which asks for divine blessing even for the "perfidious" Jews. Quite on his own, John XXIII changed the reading of this invocation by dropping the epithet "perfidious." The Congregation of Rites, which is in charge of such matters, is now expected to issue a revised version of this prayer to conform with the Pope's editing.

Real changes take time in the Vatican. Normally everything moves at a snail's pace there. The prevailing attitude has always been that the church has been around for centuries, will be around for centuries more, and that it is indecent to react too quickly or to make snap decisions. But the world is moving much too fast these days for such lengthy deliberation, and in the first few months of the new reign the pace has been noticeably quickened. If this short period can be taken as a true indicator of what is to come, the pontificate of John XXIII may well turn out to be a turning point in the history of the church. ★

What the new Pope may mean to Canada



BY ERIC HUTTON

What changes will the down-to-earth personality of Pope John make in the lives of Canadian Roman Catholics?

Catholic churchmen are, naturally, unwilling to make comparisons that might seem to reflect on his predecessor, scholarly and reserved Pope Pius. Yet it is quite evident that the words and deeds of the new Pope have, as one Canadian priest put it, "Given Catholics a powerful shot in the arm."

"Already," he added, "Catholics are finding that they live in a more relaxed atmosphere because of the happy reaction of non-Catholics to what Pope John says and does. 'We're less on the offensive—or the defensive—with our neighbors.'"

For example, many Jews expressed gratification when the Pope modified a prayer which for centuries had referred to them as "perfidious." And the Pope's calling of an ecumenical conference has been interpreted by many non-Catholics as a conciliatory gesture, in effect an invitation to discuss unification of Christian churches on equal terms.

At least one informal preliminary meeting of Catholics and non-Catholics has already been held in Canada, to explore not the differences but the essential unities of Christians. It was held at St. Peter's Church in Toronto. After a priest had explained the meaning of the Pope's proposed conference, Protestants, Catholics and adherents of Eastern Orthodox churches joined in a brisk question period, and later sang the sacred songs of their own denominations. "It may not sound like a giant step," said one priest who took part, "but it was the first time a meeting like that had been held here."

Pope John, a farmer's son and former parish priest, has a way of making heartwarming news in his day-to-day activities—his toe-tapping while listening to music, his appreciation of hearty food eaten with friends and relatives, his unprecedented visit to a dismal city jail, his preference for walking to riding in the bejeweled throne-chair.

The first Christmas after Pope John's election fell on a Thursday. The next day, Friday, would normally be a meatless day for Catholics. But the practical Pope realized that in many a poor home, especially in warm climates, the leftovers of the Christmas feast might spoil by Saturday. So he decreed that flesh might be eaten on that Friday.

Canadian Catholics (who form a larger proportion of the population than in any other major Commonwealth nation) will especially feel the Pope's influence in this first year of his reign. At intervals of five years the bishops of each nation pay a traditional visit to Rome. These periodic journeys are known as visits *ad limina apostolorum*—literally "to the tombs of the apostles."

But more important than the ritual homage at the resting place of Peter and Paul in the catacombs is the report on the state of his diocese that each bishop makes to the Vatican, and a private audience with the Pope, from which the bishops traditionally draw spiritual inspiration on behalf of their clergy and congregations. Each bishop's audience with the Pope is more than a brief courtesy call. It is often a practical discussion of problems and plans between the earthly head of the church and the deputy through whom he speaks to his priests and his seven million followers in Canada.

This year's visit to the Pope by Canada's sixty Catholic bishops has particular significance for Canadian Catholics because for the younger bishops it will be the first papal audience and for most of the others the first direct contact with a pope in ten years. This is because Canada's last *ad limina* year was 1954, the year in which Pope Pius began the series of illnesses which proved fatal in 1958. In 1954 he was able to give few audiences.

One of the topics Pope John is expected to discuss with his Canadian bishops is fuller participation of congregations in church services. He has, in fact, already expressed this wish, and some churches in Canada have been quick to follow the Pope's lead. In April the Catholic Information Centre, connected with St. Peter's Church in Toronto, televised a "model" mass demonstrating how a congregation could play a maximum role in a Catholic service, through greater emphasis on responses and singing. Six Toronto churches are now using such congregation-participation services.

Probably the biggest single change Canadian Catholics will find in their religious life, in fact, will result from Pope John's call for laymen to play a stronger role, not only in the liturgy of services, but in all phases of the church's activities. An example already in action are seminars held in **continued on page 80**



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

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1. "It happened on a visit to Robin Hood's old haunts in the English Midlands last month," writes Gilbert Winfield, an American friend of Canadian Club. "The 'ghosts' were actually members of the Ancient Order of Foresters. One, who called himself 'Will Scarlet,' gave me a rough-and-tumble reminder that the Lincoln Green spirit is still alive."



2. "The legendary outlaw himself, or the man who dressed the part, had given me a lesson in wielding the stave under an ancient oak whose ancestors may have hidden the real Robin Hood. A lot of good the lesson did!"



3. "Dumped into a brook by 'Will Scarlet,' I quickly got a friendly boost out. Fun is fun, but that water was cold. The dunking brought me back to reality—and gave me a taste of what Robin Hood, according to the story, suffered at the hands of Little John."

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Toronto for non-Catholics who are investigating Catholicism — possibly, but not necessarily, with a view to becoming converts.

These seminars, attended by an average of three hundred "investigators," are supervised by just two priests and conducted by more than a hundred Catholic lay men and women.

More widespread participation by Catholic laymen is also, in part, the reason for the most spectacular news (from the non-Catholic viewpoint) to come out of the Vatican in Pope John's reign: that the

church was investigating the possibility of ordaining married men into the Roman Catholic clergy.

Strangely enough, Catholic churchmen themselves do not regard the suggestion as revolutionary. They point out that there are many married Catholic priests — and even a few in Canada. These are members of some of the Uniate rites, who adhere to the Vatican as closely, and are as truly Roman Catholic, as any French or Irish priest. The Uniates were Eastern Catholics who returned to Roman dogma in 1596 after centuries of separa-

tion. Some of the sects permitted marriage of priests, and the pope allowed them to continue the practice.

In Canada the married priests are Ukrainian Catholics. When the Canadian Ukrainian hierarchy was established in 1912, it was decided to abolish the married priesthood, chiefly because the congregations were poor immigrants seeking to establish themselves in a new land and it was deemed unfair to burden them with the support of priests' families.

After World War II, though, a number of Ukrainian Catholic priests who

had fled Nazi persecution were granted parishes in Canada. They are located in Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Saskatoon.

The Vatican proposal would ordain married deacons, a degree of clergy one stratum under the priesthood, and authorized to baptize and preach. To establish this new status (or rather to return to it, since the western Catholic church has firmly insisted on celibacy of its priests only during the last half of its nineteen-hundred-year history) the Pope would need to detach the vows of celibacy from only two of the seven orders which are incorporated into today's priesthood.

In early days there were seven distinct ranks among men who served the church. Lowest was the cleric, next the porter-acolite who served as church janitor. Then came the lector, entitled to read the epistle in church, followed by the exorcist, skilled in casting out demons. Above him were sub-deacons, deacons and priests. Nowadays the student priest passes through all those orders on his way to the priesthood, and only when he reaches the level of sub-deacon does he take a vow of celibacy.

It is considered unlikely by church authorities in Canada that the church would ordain young Canadians who decided to stop their religious education at the deacon level and get married. But the dispensation might well be used to honor devoted married laymen and confer on them additional powers and prestige in carrying out their voluntary church work.

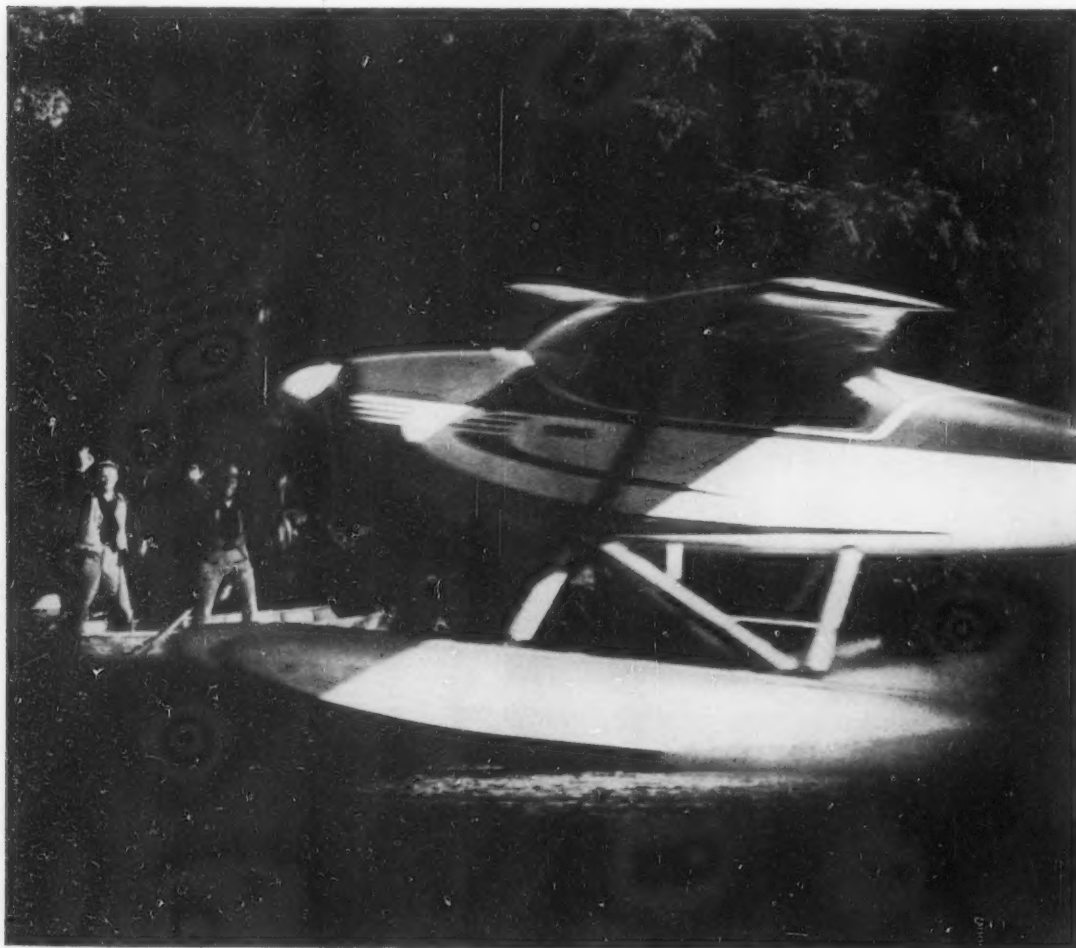
The principal use of younger married deacons would be in mission fields where there may be no established population of Catholic families. A married deacon could demonstrate Catholic ideals of family life and double as minister to the people's spiritual needs.

Some Canadian priests testify that the unassuming human personality of Pope John is helping solve one of their knottiest problems: how to make good Canadian Catholics out of many European immigrants who have developed an anticlerical bias from the tense and austere church atmosphere of their native lands. Since World War II new-Canadian Roman Catholics have arrived in such numbers that the percentage of Catholics in the non-French-Canadian population has nearly doubled — from eleven percent to twenty percent. Not all of them are easily assimilated into Canadian Catholic religious life.

"In some European countries the bishops are like royalty — literally 'princes of the church,'" pointed out a Canadian priest. "Priests are often more scholar than pastor, and the church is a power engaged in a cold war with the state, led by a respected but remote figure in Rome. It is not surprising that many laymen never felt very intimate with their church or their priest."

Some newcomers were suspicious of the apparent enjoyment of life by Canadian priests, who spoke the same colloquial language as ordinary people and even attended ball games and ate peanuts, unlike the stern priesthood they remembered back home. Then came Pope John, a pontiff who obviously enjoys life and probably would attend ball games if there was a league playing in the Colosseum of Rome. So the newcomers are finding a new and happy concept of Catholic life.

"You see," said one priest, speaking very colloquially. "The Pope calls the tune for the whole Catholic world. Pope Pius might be likened to Toscanini — and if Pope John is something of a Lawrence Welk, why, all the more people will understand what he is playing." ★



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London Letter continued from page 10

When Carmen sang a very sour note, Beecham said, "Madam, will you please sound your A?"

it in later years there was a twinkle in his eyes as he said that it was purely apocryphal.

To establish the chronological order: I went to the 1914 war, returned to Canada, and eventually came back to London. Beecham had formed his own opera company but even his capacious pocket was feeling the strain of financing opera on the grand scale.

By chance I had taken a flat in a building where Beecham also lived and we became frequent companions. One morning he took me down to Covent Garden to rehearse The Paris Opera Company in Carmen. The principal role was played by a huge woman, and as she came on the stage Sir Thomas turned around to me and said: "There is only one possible explanation. She is undoubtedly the girl friend of the president of the French Republic."

A little later Carmen sang a very sour note. "Madam," said Beecham bluntly, "will you please sound your A?"

But there is another side to him — a gentle and sensitive understanding.

One night when he was conducting, the tenor broke embarrassingly on a high note. Next day I asked Beecham if he gave the tenor a dressing down for his offense. Beecham glared at me in anger, and his goatee vibrated menacingly. "I went to his dressing room and apologized," he said. "I told him that only in a completely barbaric country would a

great artist like him be compelled to rehearse all day and sing all night."

A few months later Beecham had a bright idea. He would appeal to the public, to the great masses, for funds. When the money was collected he would then

produce opera as it should be. Wherever he went he appealed from the platform for money. Some months went by and then the Daily Express, on which I was the features editor, began to ask out loud what had happened to Beecham's fund.

As there was no reply the Express grew more pungent in its queries. What about the money?

One morning Beecham called me on the phone: "It is only fair," he said, "that I should tell you that I am consulting

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my solicitor. Beaverbrook has a lot of money but the damages which the court will award me will stagger him. I only tell you this as an act of friendship." In return I suggested that he should first come to see me and he agreed.

The meeting was difficult and it was easy to understand his resentment. He had squandered his inheritance to give opera on the grand scale to a people who were then not really opera lovers as the French, the Germans and the Italians are.

For twenty minutes Sir Thomas poured out his indignation and predicted a dreadful end for the Daily Express, its proprietor and me. Finally I got a word in. "Tell me," I said, "where is the money you collected?"

Beecham drew himself up with outraged dignity. "Do you suggest that I embezzled it?"

"Not for a moment," I replied. "But where is the money?"

"How the devil do I know?" he roared. And thus the interview ended.

One day he called me on the telephone and said: "You are a persistent traveler so why not come with me to Golders Green this evening? I am going to do *Il Trovatore* in a vast hall with an augmented orchestra. It should be simply frightful."

At the appointed hour we arrived at the London suburb of Golders Green where Beecham conducted a bewildered orchestra before a stunned audience. At the end of the performance he went on the stage, complete with goatee and mischievous eyes.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he drawled. "You have been listening to Verdi's *Il Trovatore*. Well, perhaps that is not quite accurate. Let me put it this way. You have been listening to something which is more like Verdi's *Il Trovatore* than any other opera. Don't blame the orchestra. They are men of admirable character, completely faithful to their wives, and it isn't their fault that they played so badly. They just didn't have sufficient rehearsal, but of course we are a barbaric race. Now I want to tell you about my operatic fund."

Driving back to London in his car he said to me: "Would you believe it? I got practically no money at all from the audience."

Gout kept him seated

As Covent Garden had been taken over by the state, Beecham gave up opera and concentrated on his orchestra, the London Philharmonic. But the years were taking their toll and Sir Thomas became a victim of gout. So he decided to remain seated while he led his orchestra to heights supernal. Every now and then he would forget his gout and rise on his feet to drive the orchestra to new heights of ecstasy.

Then suddenly the British public realized that here was a truly great orchestral conductor. His recordings were sold in every civilized country and the problem of finance existed no longer.

So we gathered for dinner on his invitation to celebrate his eightieth birthday and in due course my fellow parliamentarian, Lord Boothby, and I insisted upon making two short speeches in honor of our host. Beecham protested but we overruled him. When we had finished our tributes Sir Thomas sat back in his chair and spoke with dazzling misanthropic wit mixed with odd moments of gentleness.

His final flourish was typical of his liveliness and his sense of climax. "We are a barbaric people, thank God! That is why we have always defeated the nations who went in for culture. Now that I am eighty the English will take me



Maestro Sir Thomas, now eighty, will conduct in Canada next year.

FIVE DECADES OF BEECHAMISMS

1911: "Get an elephant to stand on one foot on the top of Nelson's Column and you will draw a much larger crowd than for twenty-five Salomes."

1912: "Put on a new opera . . . and people will at once avoid the district as though it were infected with plague."

1926: "No good thing has ever paid in this world yet and the better it is the less it pays."

1927: "I am obliged to blow my own trumpet for the simple reason that I cannot get anyone else to do it."

1930: "I gave a famous heavy-weight boxer a baton weighing only half an ounce. 'Wave that about gently and see how long you can keep it up,' I told him. He did it for nine minutes and could not go on."

1939: "Schubert's two albums of songs are set to some of the sloppiest, mushiest, twaddle that could have been written."

1940: "I shall continue to make farewell tours for the next thirty years."

1949: "I have all my life rejoiced in living beyond my income and still do it. I'm an expert at it."

1956: "All festivals are bunk."

1958: "I will not be driven into premature retirement."

1959: "The English may not like music but they absolutely love the noise it makes."

to their heart — they love a stayer!"

Whereupon he declared the dinner was at an end and wished us all good night with the roguish smile of Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Always courageous, always invincible, he walked (a little wobbly) to the door and waved us good-by.

"I invite you now," he said, "to my ninetieth birthday party. Good night!"

What is the core of his strength? Why should this son of a pill manufacturer become a genius of the baton? Where does he draw the strength to drive an orchestra to frenzy or to charm them to an idyllic tenderness?

If anyone was so unwise as to ask the questions he would probably answer: "Beecham's Pills, dear boy!" And then roar with laughter. ★

✓ **Gzowski's still a name in Rockwood, Ont.**

83



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A cab passenger was hurled right off the back seat in Vancouver the other day when the driver suddenly hit the brakes. As he picked himself up the driver, evidently shaken, exclaimed, "Whew — almost hit a dog. To me, that's as bad as hitting a human being." The bruised passenger was somewhat mollified by this show of feeling until the caddy added, "Yeh—I gotta fill out all the same papers for hittin' a dog as a human. In triplicate, too."

Above the night-service buzzer, in a guest room at a small hotel in Fredericton, N.B., is a sign: "Please keep your shirt on while I put my pants on."

The Edmonton Journal regularly publishes a log of every call made by the fire department by time, place and nature



of the fire... such as this one for a recent Tuesday: "12:45 p.m. — 10644 65 Ave., toast."

Brief flash from a Parade scout in Winnipeg: "Saw a lady stop to put on a pair of rubbers she had in her shopping bag. After she walked through a small wet spot she took off the rubbers and put them in the bag."

A traffic cop who trails a car can rouse even a minister's sense of guilt — particularly with the new demerit system now threatening all Ontario drivers. This Toronto parson kept one eye on his rear-view mirror and the other flashing between his speedometer and the road signs, but the law moved in on him relentlessly.

"I thought I recognized you," declared the cop, pulling alongside. "We have a new baby at our place we want baptized."

A husband in Sydney, N.S., often claimed he was late getting home for supper because he'd got tied up by the boss. When his wife went downtown shopping



one afternoon she was driven nearly frantic by the disappearance of her five-year-old son from right beside the glove counter. Father found out what happened when the youngster marched into his nearby office announcing, "I'm going to make sure that boss doesn't tie you up again."

We nurtured a never-say-die hope that inflation could be licked eventually, until we received legal notice that the Economy Meat Market Co., of Edmonton has changed its name to Evergreen Industrial Finance Ltd.

A Victoria couple were out for a drive when they saw a big dog laying inert at the side of the wet pavement and its young owner frantically waving for assistance. They stopped of course, whereupon the youngster called "Up, Terry — jump in," and added cheerfully, "Thanks for the lift."

A working wife in Saskatoon got her income tax return in so far ahead of her husband's this year that she received a refund cheque for \$28.80 just as her husband completed his form and found he owed \$28.30. The wife big-heartedly offered to drop in at the income tax office and pay his tax with her refund. But when she got there the girl clerk refused to cash the cheque and pay out a cash refund of fifty cents. When the lady taxpayer protested that it was a perfectly good government cheque the clerk said, "Well, you never know. Cash it at Eaton's and bring me the money, why don't you?"

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